

The Elks

Magazine



DECEMBER, 1936

Pat'd by C. C. Beall

CENTRAL EDITION

AT THE AUTO SHOWS...TOP HONORS GO TO STUDEBAKER *"the spotlight car"*

\$665*



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH

ITS LOW PRICE IS A NATION-WIDE SENSATION



NEW BUILT-IN WINDSHIELD DEFROSTERS FOR CLEARER, SAFER WINTER-TIME VISION—For the first time in any car, Studebaker offers dual built-in warm air windshield defrosters. They are designed to connect with the new Studebaker heater and automatically send currents of warm air up the surface of the windshield so that frost cannot form on inside nor ice collect on outside.

THERE'S more real room for passengers—and for luggage—in these spotlight cars of 1937 than you ever expected to get in any car!

They're the world's first cars with the dual economy of the sensational new Fram oil cleaner and the gas-saving overdrive! They have the world's only doors that stay closed tightly even if shut only lightly! They have a remarkable new dual range steering gear that cuts the turning effort of parking in half!

And, added to the thrilling eye-appeal of Studebaker's new silvery "winged victory" radiator grilles and louvers, is the charm of interiors that nobody but gifted Helen Dryden could achieve!

They're the first cars, too, to offer built-in warm air windshield defrosters! And they're the world's only cars with that great safety advancement, the automatic hill holder. But you can't half appreciate all that these 1937 Studebakers offer until you drive them.

Dictator base price at factory.

WORLD'S ONLY CARS
WITH DUAL ECONOMY OF FRAM OIL
CLEANER AND GAS-SAVING
AUTOMATIC OVERDRIVE

★

EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS
WITH LOWERED FLOORS AND SMART
HELEN DRYDEN STYLING

★

ENORMOUSLY SPACIOUS
NEW LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS
CONCEALED OR EXTENDED

★

WORLD'S ONLY CARS WITH
AUTOMATIC HILL HOLDER PLUS
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

*Exciting 1937
Studebakers*

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BELOW is a list of surnames of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff, over a period of years, has completed preparation of manuscripts dealing with the history of each of these families. If your name is listed, you should have a copy of your manuscript. You will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to yourself and your kin. At this season the suitability of such a manuscript as an unusual and thoughtful *Christmas Gift* especially recommends itself. Including those of relatives, how many of the names on your gift list appear below?



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AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate
good fellowship. . . .—From Preamble to the Con-
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

JOSEPH T. FANNING
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Comptroller

DECEMBER 1936

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To All Elks—Greetings!

My dear Brothers:

The Christmas Season is upon us. Elkdom with its definite place in the scheme of life can once more make for a joyous and happy Christmas Season.

Let us be thankful to Almighty God that we enjoy the priceless privileges of American citizenship, and that as patriotic Americans, who believe in our country, our flag and our government, we will do our part as members of our great Fraternity to make our Cities and States finer and better places in which to live. Let us do more this year than we have ever done before. Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love—a time when we can best exemplify these beautiful mottoes.

A word of remembrance, too, for our brethren at the Elks Home at Bedford, by sending books of fiction, useful and practical things. They, too, welcome Christmas. Let us have community Christmas trees in every City of the United States, so that we may hear again the joyous laughter of the youngsters.

May this be one of the happiest and most blessed Christmastides you have ever experienced! Humble in our appreciation of things American, let us do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

Cordially and fraternally,

David Sholtz
Grand Exalted Ruler





Trigger

THE inanimate, zig-zagging red line of the sales-graph became animate. Twisting in sinuous convolutions, it crawled across the white paper and continued along the polished top of the mahogany desk.

John Sparks closed his eyes to shut out the phantasm. "I'm dizzy, that's all," he thought. "Just mentally tired."

He combed trembling fingers through his hair and



Flem Willitson stood in the doorway, his head swinging like a rattler

A Story of the Ozarks

By Roy James

Illustrated by
AMOS SEWELL

sorry—" He brushed a handkerchief across his forehead.

Miss Robbins regarded him with appraising eyes. "You're working too hard, Mr. Sparks. You should take a—" Abruptly she changed the thought. "Have you looked over your mail yet?"

"Not yet. I'll call you when I'm ready. Thank you."

He felt an unaccountable impulse to confide in this understanding secretary, but when he looked up she was gone. He turned to the morning mail. A series of brightly colored vacation circulars caught his attention. "So that's what she started to say. Well, she's right. I certainly do need a vacation." He picked up one of the circulars. The printed words ripped into his consciousness like a lancet opening an old and unhealed wound.

The Ozarks Are Calling You.
Fish For Bass From An Open Boat.
You'll Never Know Peace and Contentment Until You Visit
The Ozark Country. . . .

He tore the circular to pieces and tossed it into the wastebasket. "Peace! Contentment! Damn that circular! Work! That's the answer. It's the only way to forget."

He turned to the sales-graph and tried to bend his tired mind to its problems. The irregular lines were strangely like miniature mountains descending to quiet valleys. The outline of the highest peak, marking the holiday business upswing, looked remarkably like "Smokey Blue", against whose rugged, flinty sides nestled the cabin in which John

Sparks had been born Johnnie Spalding. Damn that circular!

The secret chapter in his life, long stored on the book-shelf of his subconscious, lay open before him; as vivid now, at forty, as it had been at eighteen. The years in between, filled with ambition, struggle and success, became a confused blur as his memory flew down the corridor of years.

* * *

Finger

slowly opened his eyes. The red line, once more inanimate, was now an accusing trail of blood on a cabin floor.

"No! No!" he groaned. "Not murder. It was self defense."

Miss Robbins appeared in the doorway. "Did you call, Mr. Sparks?"

The trail of blood turned to red ink marking the disappointing sales of the western division. "I—I'm

The Shelton cabin was filled with a noisy whirl of bobbing, weaving, lean, brown faces, and the stamp of broganed feet. Jim Randolph's fiddle plaintively whined the strains of "Arkansas Traveler". Abner Holt's twangy, young voice called the dance.

"Swing yore pardners round and round

Make that big foot jar th' ground

Swing yore pardners DO-SE-DO,

Grab yore gal an' away we go. . . ."

Sarah Payton sat alone in a corner, her troubled blue eyes reflecting the red glint of the bow in her hair. For two hours her eager, young feet had tapped the puncheon floor to the tune of Jim's fiddle, but not once had she been invited to join the dancers. She was Flem Willitson's best girl. Flem had brought her to the dance and left her in the corner while he joined the group behind the smoke-house over a jug of "corn".

Sarah pretended she didn't care, but her eyes furtively watched the cabin door; at first, expectantly; later, with proud indifference.

Johnnie Spalding's wandering gaze met her look and barriers were swept away. He crossed the room and bowed before her elaborately. "Will you accept me?"

She shook her head in startled fright.

The explosive laugh of big Rose Shelton crackled on the humid air of the cabin. "Look at Johnnie Spaldin', a-gittin' brave! He ain't afeered to ast Flem Willitson's gal to dance."

There was no backing out now. Abner Holt raised his voice. "Choose yore pardners."

"I'd be right pleased if you would," whispered Johnnie desperately.

They joined the noisy circle, her eyes thanking him from behind a chalky mask of pride and fear.

The tuning "plink-plink" of Jim Randolph's fiddle stopped with the squeak of a mouse. Silence covered the room like the sinister shadow of a storm cloud. Flem Willitson stood in the doorway, his head swaying like the head of a rattler, his heavy lidded eyes blinking venomously. He drew back, as if coiling to strike, and disappeared from the black orifice in the cabin wall. The crowd breathed once more.

Sarah, still facing the door, screamed shrilly.

Johnnie saw the upswinging flash of Flem's arm, against the velvet night, and jerked sideways. A flint rock crashed through the crocheted wall motto, "God Bless Our Home". Flem followed the rock through the door, the lights reflecting a glint of steel in his right hand. Johnnie fell away from the knife's vicious sweep. His hand darted to his hip.

Two flashes, like spring lightning on the crest of "Smokey Blue", followed by two thunder claps which died away in diminuendo against the cabin walls; a storm was rolling away in the hills.

From Flem's prostrate body, a thin line of red, following a depression in the floor, curved into a rainbow.


The calm after the storm was brief. Murmuring voices were rising like wind in the oak trees.

Johnnie turned to Sarah and was thrust back, as if from a physical blow, by the hate in her eyes. Abner Holt shoved him through the door. One backward glance left the picture of Sarah moaning in tearless sobs over the lifeless Flem, his head pillowed in her lap.

He became aware of Abner's voice. "You git out, now, like I tell you. Don't be a fool. Them Willitsons air too much fer you, since yore paw was killed. You ain't got nobody to back you up. Them Willitsons air pizen. Take my horse. Leave him tied at the Wayne Creek bridge. I'll get him tomorrer. Here's a dollar and four bits—all I got. Hurry!"

Dazed by the look in Sarah's eyes, Johnnie Spalding





found himself, astraddle of Abner's horse, beginning a journey that was to take him, by many strange and devious roads, from a log cabin in the mountains to an office forty stories above the confused cacophony of New York's Broadway.

Beyond the glass partition of the ornate office, Miss Robbins' typewriter chattered in the subdued monotone of a cricket under a distant log. John Sparks reached for the ivory button on the desk.

When Miss Robbins opened the door, notebook in her hand, she gasped in amazement—for Mr. Sparks was on one knee, searching the wastebasket. A voice she did not recognize was muttering. "Twenty-two years. I've got to know. I'm going back."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Robbins.

He smoothed out some torn fragments of paper. "Reserve a drawing room on the St. Louis Limited," he said firmly.

Surrounded by a confusion of bags, tackle and gun cases, John Sparks stood irresolutely on the platform of the dingy little red station repressing an impulse to dash madly after the departing train.

The curious stares of the station loungers brought a shock of instinctive dread. "Suppose they should recognize me?" The thought merged into a more comfortable one, as he realized the crisp newness of his Fifth Avenue outing costume was also a perfect disguise. "Twenty-two years. I am no longer Johnnie Spalding." His eyes drifted to the little town, sitting comfortably back in the lap of the hills, lulled by the crooning murmur of the river hidden behind a fringe of willows. To the east he saw a vista of rolling, haze-clad hills as imponderable as the riddle of life. His overworked nerves began to relax.

A tall, weatherbeaten man of uncertain age, wearing a khaki shirt and bibless blue overalls, belted around his thin middle, had come up noiselessly on rubber-soled, canvas shoes. Shoving his shapeless, black felt hat back from a grizzled forelock, he pulled at the drooping ends of a tobacco-stained moustache.

"Air you Mr. Sparks f'om New York?" he asked, spitting accurately at a dozing hornet.

"Huh? Yes. Oh, yes!"

How could this creature know that John Sparks of New York was only a name, a memory, vaguely receding? This was Johnnie Spalding, fugitive, returned to his homeland.

The weatherbeaten man began to gather up John's baggage. "We got yore dispatch." Not for years had John heard a telegram called a dispatch. "Fishin' been right good. Water's clear after a rise."

Two sad-faced sorrel horses pulled a paint-blistered farm wagon to the platform's edge. A large jovial man wrapped the lines around the brake-pole and climbed down over the front wheel, using the hub for a step. He wore wrinkled blue serge trousers and a once white shirt, the neck-band of which flapped free. A small green spot, the size of a dime, under his Adam's apple proved he was a town man and wore collars on Sunday.

"Mr. Sparks, ain't it? Happy to make yore acquaintance. I rent the boats. Got everything ready for you to git right out. Give you my best outfit. Ain't offen we get New Yorkers down here for these float trips. Mostly St. Louis and K. C. sports." He rattled on like a radio announcer, refusing to be shut off.

"You'll like this trip fine. It's right through the wildest country you ever saw. Take you a week to make it, and I promise that you won't see a soul, except Hank Willson, who's going to guide you. You'll catch more fish than you can shake a stick at, and Hank sure knows how to cook 'em. Best guide and cook on the river."

Hank placed the last suitcase in the wagon.

"Climb up here on the spring-seat with me," invited the jovial man. Hank sat on the baggage in the rear of the wagon, his feet dangling over the tail-board.

"Giddap! This'll be the greatest experience you ever had. You take city fellers like you—" The man babbled on.

Every rock, every tree, every object that met John's eye, seemed to be smiling sympathetically, sharing his secret, welcoming him home. Miles away, through a soft blue haze, a familiar contour held him.

"Smokey Blue!" he whispered, half aloud.

"Wassat?" asked the jovial man.

John covered quickly. "A man on the train spoke of 'Smokey Blue' Mountain. I was just wondering if that could be it in the distance.

"Dunno what the natives call it."

"Aren't you a native?" asked John, relieved.

"Me, a ridge-runner? I should say not. They're the dumbest folks you ever saw. Didn't see a chance of makin' money out of this river till I come down here from Illinois and showed 'em how. Take Hank back there. If he'd a had any git-up he could a owned my business, instead of workin' fer me as a guide. Knows every foot of the river and mountains. Born an' raised in these hills and never been out of 'em. Whoa, Nellie! Well, here we are."

The long, flat-bottomed boat lay alongside of a crude log dock. Hank, with beautiful economy of movement, began to store the equipment on board. In the center he placed two pine boxes, with hinged lids, which contained the cooking utensils and the groceries. On each side and between the boxes, he piled the bed-rolls, folding cots, thermos jugs, tent stakes and the personal baggage, and covered them with the camp tent which served as a tarpaulin. John's bait, casting rod, tackle box and .22 automatic rifle were placed on the cross-board in the front of the boat. (Continued on page 38)



Jangle—jangle—jangle—jangle—jangle—jangle

An Old-Fashioned Christmas

By Robert Benchley

Illustrated by Marshall Davis

SOONER or later at every Christmas party, just as things are beginning to get good, some one shuts his eyes, puts his head back and moans softly: "Ah, well, this isn't like the old days. We don't seem to have any good old-fashioned Christmases any more." To which the answer from my corner of the room is: "All right! That suits me!"

Just what they have in mind when they say "old-fashioned Christmas" you never can pin them down to telling. "Lots of snow," they mutter, "and lots of food." Yet, if you work it right, you can still get plenty of snow and food today. Snow, at any rate.

Then there seems to be some idea of the old-fashioned Christmas being, of necessity, in the country. It doesn't make any difference whether you were raised on a farm or whether your ideas of a rural Christmas were gleaned from pictures in old copies of "Harper's Young People," you must give folks to understand that such were the surroundings in which you spent your childhood holidays. And that, ah me, those days will never come again! Unquestionably, the Three Wise Men spent Christmas Day of the year 5 A.D. bemoaning the passing of the good old-fashioned Christmas.

Well, supposing you get your wish some time. Supposing, let us say, your wife's folks who live up in East Russet, Vermont, write and ask you to come up and bring the children for a good old-fashioned Christmas, "while we are all still together," they add cheerily with their flair for putting everybody in good humor.

Hurray, hurray! Off to the country for Christmas!

Pack up all the warm clothes in the house, for you will need them up there where the air is clean and cold. Snowshoes? Yes, put them in, or better yet, Daddy will carry them. What fun! Take along some sleigh-bells to jangle in case there aren't enough on the pung. There must be jangling sleigh-bells. And whisky for frost-bite. Or is it snake-bite that whisky is for? Anyway, put it in! We're off! Good-by all! Good-by! JANGLE-JANGLE-JANGLE-Jangle-Jangle-Jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle-jangle!

In order to get to East Russet you take the Vermont Central as far as Twitchell's Falls and change there for Torpid River Junction where a spur line takes you right into Gormley. At Gormley you are met by a buckboard which takes you back to Torpid River Junction again. By this time a train or something has come in which will wait for the local from Besus. While waiting for this you will have time to send your little boy to school, so that he can finish the third grade.

At East Russet Grandpa meets you with the sleigh. The bags are piled in and Mother sits in front with Lester in her lap while Daddy takes Junior and Ga-Ga in back with him and the luggage. Giddap, Esther Girl!

Esther Girl giddaps, and two suitcases fall out. Heigh-ho! Out we get and pick them up, brushing the snow off and filling our cuffs with it as we do so. After all, there is nothing like snow for getting up one's cuffs. Good clean snow never hurt any one. Which is lucky, because after you have gone a mile or so, you discover that Ga-Ga is missing. Never mind, she is a

self-reliant little girl and will doubtless find her way to the farm by herself. Probably she will be there waiting for you when you arrive.

The farm is situated on a hill about eleven hundred miles from the center of town, just before you get into Canada. If there is a breeze in winter, they get it. But what do they care for breezes, so long as they have the Little Colonel oil-heater in the front room, to make everything cozy and warm within a radius of four inches! And the big open fireplace with the draught coming down it! "Blow, blow, thou winter wind! Thou art not so unkind as man's ingratitude." If it's all the same to Shakespeare, however, I'll take a chance on man's ingratitude until I get back to a steam-heated house.

But this is out of order. You are just driving up to the farmhouse in the sleigh, with the entire right leg frozen where the lap robe has slipped out. Grandma is waiting for you at the door and you bustle in, all glowing with good cheer. "Merry Christmas, Grandma!" Lester is cross and Junior is asleep and has to be dragged by the hand upstairs, bumping against each step all the way. It is so late that you decide that you all might as well go to bed, especially as you learn that breakfast is at four-thirty. It usually is at four, but Christmas being a holiday every one sleeps late.

As you reach the top of the stairs you get into a current of cold air which has something of the quality of the temperature in a nice well-regulated crypt. This is the Bed Room Zone, and in it the thermometer never tops the zero mark from October 15th until the middle of May. Those rooms in which no one sleeps are used to store perishable vegetables in, and some one has to keep thumbing the tomatoes and pears every so often

to prevent their getting so hard that they crack.

The way to get undressed for bed in one of Grandpa's bedrooms is as follows: Starting from the foot of the stairs where it is warm, run up two at a time to keep the circulation going as long as possible. Opening the bedroom door with one hand, tear down the curtains from the windows with the other, pick up the rugs from the floor and snatch the spread from the top of the bureau. Pile all these on the bed, cover with the closet door which you have wrenched from its hinges, and leap quickly underneath. It sometimes helps to put on a pair of rubbers over your shoes.

And even when you are in bed, you have no guarantee of going to sleep. Grandpa's mattresses seem to contain the overflow from the silo, corn-husks, baked-potato skins and long, stringy affairs which feel like pipe cleaners. On a cold night, snuggling down into these is about like snuggling down into a bed of damp pine cones out in the forest.

Then there are Things abroad in the house. Shortly after you get into bed, the stairs start snapping. Next something runs along the roof over your head. You say to yourself: "Don't be silly. It's only Santa Claus." Then it runs along in the wall behind the head of the bed. Santa Claus wouldn't do that. Down the long hall which leads into the ell of the house, you can hear the wind sighing softly, with an occasional reassuring bang of a door.

The unmistakable sound of some one dying in great pain rises from just below the window-sill. It is a sort of low moan, with just a touch of strangulation in it. Perhaps Santa has fallen off the roof. Perhaps that story you once heard about Grandpa's house having been a hang-out for Revolutionary smugglers is true,



There are so many potato peelings and turkey feathers and squash seeds and floating bits of pie the women-folk send you into the front part of the house



When you have seen one horse or cow you have seen them all

and one of the smugglers has come back for his umbrella. The only place at a time like this is down under the bedclothes. But the children become frightened and demand to be taken home, and Grandpa has to be called to explain that it is only Blue Bell out in the barn. Blue Bell has asthma, and on a cold night they have to be very patient with her.

Christmas morning dawns cloudy and cold, with the threat of plenty more snow, and, after all, what would Christmas be without snow? You lie in bed for one hour and a quarter trying to figure out how you can get up without losing the covers from around you. A glance at the water pitcher shows that it is time for them to put the red ball up for skating. You think of the nice warm bathroom at home, and decide that you can wait until you get back there before shaving.

This breaking the ice in the pitcher seems to be a feature of the early lives of all great men which they look back on with tremendous satisfaction. "When I was a boy, I used to have to break the ice in the pitcher every morning before I could wash," is said with as much pride as one might say, "When I was a boy I stood at the head of my class." Just what virtue there is in having to break ice in a pitcher is not evident, unless it lies in their taking the bother to break the ice and wash at all. Any time that I have to break ice in a pitcher as a preliminary to washing, I go unwashed, that's all. And Benjamin Franklin and U. S. Grant and Rutherford B. Hayes can laugh as much as they like. I'm nobody's fool about a thing like that.

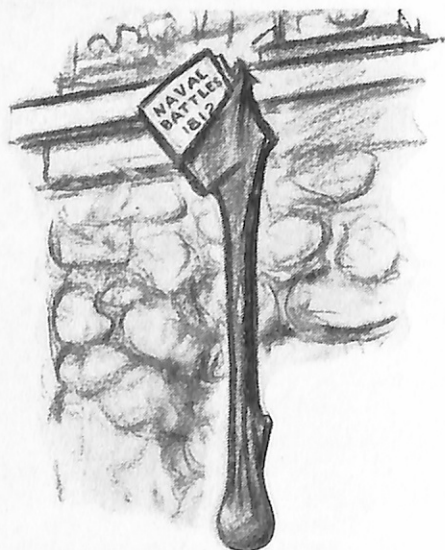
Getting the children dressed is

a lot of fun when you have to keep pumping their limbs up and down to keep them from freezing out stiff. The children love it and are just as bright and merry as little pixies when it is time to go down-stairs and say "Good morning" to Grandpa and Grandma. The entire family enters the dining-room purple and chattering and exceedingly cross.

After breakfast every one begins getting dinner. The kitchen being the only warm place in the house may have something to do with it. But before long there are so many potato peelings and turkey feathers and squash seeds and floating bits of pie crust in the kitchen that the women-folk send you and the children off into the front part of the house to amuse yourselves and get out of the way.

Then what a jolly time you and the kiddies and Grandpa have together! You can either slide on the horse-hair sofa, or play "The Wayside Chapel" on the piano (the piano has scroll-work on either side of the music rack with yellow silk showing through), or look out the window and see ten miles of dark gray snow. Perhaps you may even go out to the barn and look at the horses and cows, but really, as you walk down between the stalls, when you have seen one horse or one cow you have seen them all. And besides, the cold in the barn has an added flavor of damp harness leather and musty carriage upholstery which eats into your very marrow.

Of course, there are the presents to be distributed, but that takes on much the same aspect as the same ceremony in the new-fashioned Christmas, except that in the really old-fashioned Christmas the pres-



ents weren't so tricky. Children got mostly mittens and shoes, with a sled thrown in sometimes for dissipation. Where a boy today is bored by three o'clock in the afternoon with his electric grain-elevator and miniature pond with real perch in it, the old-fashioned boy was lucky if he got a copy of "Naval Battles of the War of 1812" and an orange. Now this feature is often brought up in praise of the old way of doing things. "I tell you," says Uncle Gyp, "the children in my time never got such presents as you get today." And he seems proud of the fact, as if there were some virtue accruing to him for it. If the children of today can get electric grain elevators and tin automobiles for Christmas, why aren't they that much better off than their grandfathers who got only wristlets? Learning the value of money, which seems to be the only argument of the stand-patters, doesn't hold very much water as a Christmas slogan. The value of money can be learned in just about five minutes when the time comes, but Christmas is not the season.

But to return to the farm, where you and the kiddies and Gramp' are killing time. You can either bring in wood from the woodshed, or thaw out the pump, or read the books in the bookcase over the writing-desk. Of the three, bringing in the wood will probably be the most fun, as you are likely to burn yourself thawing out the pump, and the list of reading matter on hand includes "The Life and Deeds of General Grant," "Our First Century," "Andy's Trip to Portland," bound volumes of the Jersey Cattle Breeders' Gazette and "Diseases of the Horse." Then there are some old copies of "Round the Lamp" for the years 1850-54 and some colored plates showing plans for the approaching World's Fair at Chicago.

Thus the time passes, in one round of gaiety after another, until you are summoned to dinner. Here all caviling must cease. The dinner lives up to the advertising. If an old-fashioned Christmas could consist entirely of dinner, without the old-fashioned bedrooms, the old-fashioned pitcher, and the old-fashioned entertainments, we professional pessimists wouldn't have a

turkey-leg left to stand on. But, as has been pointed out, it is possible to get a good dinner without going up to East Russet, Vt., or, if it isn't, then our civilization has been a failure.

And the dinner only makes the aftermath seem worse. According to an old custom of the human race, every one overeats. Deliberately and with considerable gusto you sit at the table and say pleasantly; "My, but I won't be able to walk after this. Just a little more of the dark meat, please, Grandpa, and just a dab of stuffing. Oh, dear, that's too much!" You haven't the excuse of the drunkard, who becomes oblivious to his excesses after several drinks. You know what you are doing, and yet you make light of it and even laugh about it as long as you *can* laugh without splitting out a seam.

And then you sit and moan. If you were having a good new-fashioned Christmas you could go out to the movies or take a walk, or a ride, but to be really old-fashioned you must stick close to the house, for in the old days there were no movies and no automobiles and if you wanted to take a walk you had to have the hired man go ahead of you with a snow-shovel and make a tunnel. There are probably plenty of things to do in the country today, and just as many automobiles and electric lights as there are in the city, but you can't call Christmas with all these improvements "an old-fashioned Christmas." That's cheating.

If you are going through with the thing right, you have got to retire to the sitting-room after dinner and sit. Of course, you can go out and play in the snow if you want to, but you know as well as I do that this playing in the snow is all right when you are small but a bit trying on any one over thirty. And anyway, it always began to snow along about three in the afternoon of an old-fashioned Christmas day, with a cheery old leaden sky overhead and a jolly old gale sweeping around the corners of the house.

No, you simply must sit indoors, in front of a fire if you insist, but nevertheless with nothing much to do. The children are sleepy and snarling. Grandpa is just sleepy. Some one tries to start (*Continued on page 50*)



Tick—tock—tick—tock—tick—tock

I AIN'T knowed of but one man who couldn't walk into any house in the Canyon and get taken in like he was kinfolk, and that was old Jeb Prouty. This Prouty just wasn't welcome nowhere, and that's a mighty serious thing up here in the North country, where, as the feller says, we got nine months of winter and three months when the sleighing ain't so good. Up here, folks just got to help each other or they don't last long.

This Jeb was on the road most days, hauling cord wood to town from the old Swanson place at the head of the Canyon, which he was working on shares. When meal time come along there wasn't nobody who'd ask him in to take on a feed, and no matter how cold it got there wasn't no place he could stop off and thaw out.

Folks'd all lay quiet when he went by, hiding away from the windows and whispering about how he sure enough had killed his woman and about how he was getting to be plumb loco.

Maybe they'd allow that the rest of the story was true too, that Mrs. Prouty had never been nothing but trash and that the pneumonie wouldn't have put Jeb's boy in the grave if she'd gave him proper care. Maybe they believed it, but they sure never acted like they did.

I tell you all of us on Ole Larsen's place felt mighty low-down to see him and his team go plodding by without no greeting, and us his nearest neighbors. Of course, Ole's house set back from the road a piece, and a person ain't expected to be cordial to someone who's half a mile away. But we knewed that if he drove up to the house we'd treat him just like the other folks did, and that's what made us feel bad.

And this killing business wasn't the real reason Jeb Prouty was poison. When he first come to the Canyon, folks took him in even when the story was that he had high-tailed it outa the Jackson Hole country just about two spits ahead of a posse. Then the posse didn't come and didn't come and finally we begun to hear about how his cub had died and how no account his woman had been, and the last story was that folks down there had joined up and got rid of what little evidence they was. So us in the Canyon showed Jeb a lot of pity and treated him real neighborly for a spell.

We all helped him set the Swanson cabin to rights, and I seen right away how handy he was with tools. I also seen a little wooden horse that he had whittled and I tell you it was real good. I don't know what the art fellers would say about it, but what I mean it looked plumb like a horse and that's enough for me to say it's good. And I was thinking even then that he'd ought to be down in town follering a trade he was good at, but I figured if he wanted to batch it out here it wa'n't none of my business.

He might have done pretty good at that, but I guess he had too much on his mind to stand the lonesomeness, and there didn't seem to be no way of easing his memories excepting to moisten them down with corn liquor. He took to real heavy drinking—he'd get all plowed up every time he took a load of wood to town, and he'd bring home enough to keep harrowing himself for days.

That still ain't enough to stick a man in the hog pen, as most folks hereabouts ain't agin taking a healthy nip now and again when they figure they might be running onto a rattlesnake. But when this Prouty got loaded up, he got plumb crazy. He'd back you into a corner and fix them spooky eyes on you—sometimes they was filled with tears and again maybe they'd be burning bright like they had the fever—and he'd talk to you in such a way that a man couldn't make head nor tail of what he was getting at. Some



of it was words that didn't make sense, and some of it was just a mess of funny sounds. And he got to be pretty near as bad when he was sober, because he'd just sit around grouching and acting ornery.

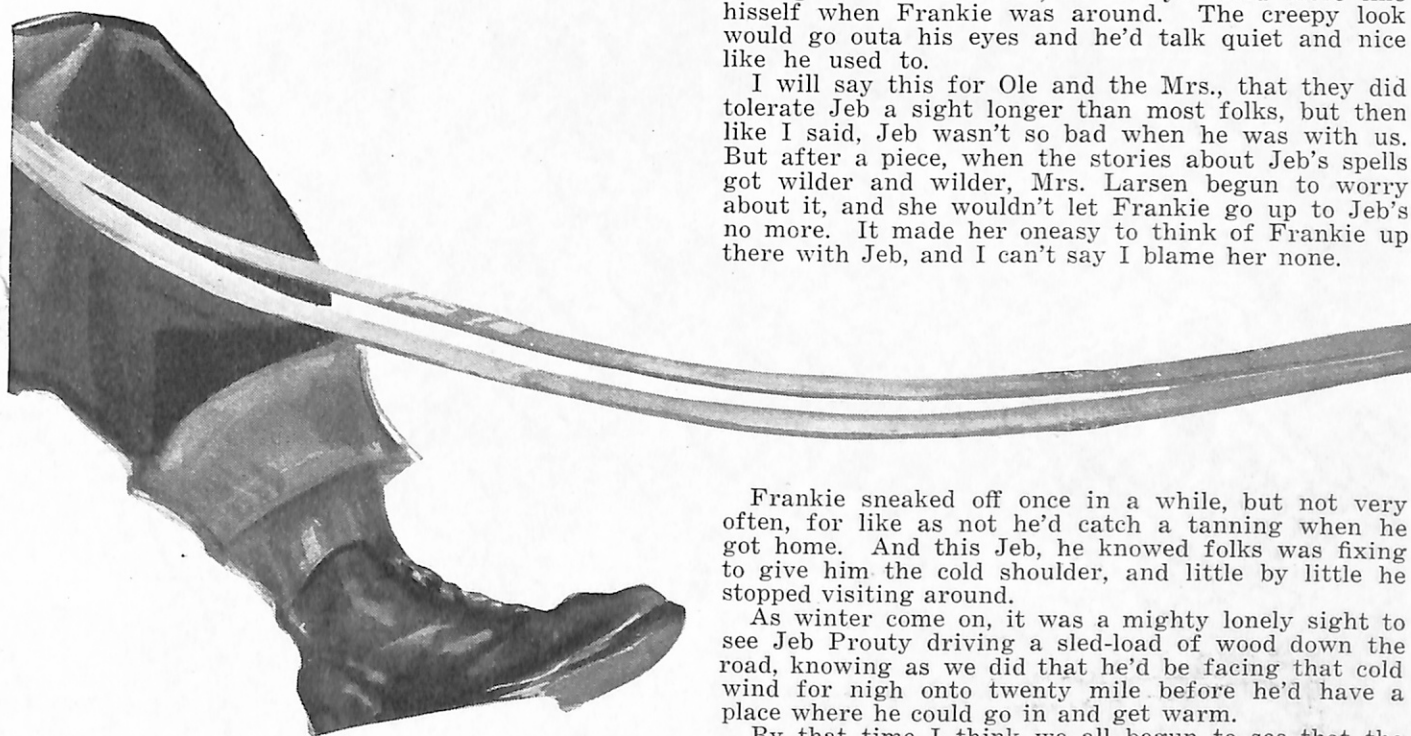
So folks stopped going up to see old Jeb, and pretty soon they took to hiding when they seen his outfit coming down the road. They dusted off the old story about his being a killer and acted like they just couldn't have nothing to do with a man who done such a thing. But I know derned well they was just saying that to hide that they was scared of him. And I admit them eyes of hisn was the only things that give me the creeps worse than a cougar scream.

That don't go for Ole's cub, little Frankie. This Prouty took a shine to Frankie the first time he seen him, and I might say it went both ways. Just after Jeb moved in he come down to our place looking for

The Pariah

By Irving Van Zandt, Jr.

Illustrated by
Fred Widlicka



As winter come on, it was a mighty lonely sight to see Jeb Prouty driving a sled-load of wood down the road

hay, there not being more than a shirt-tail full on the Swanson place. Ole had a stack to spare, but all the time we was measuring it out and fixing on a price, Jeb was a heap more taken with little Frankie than he was with the hay.

They made friends in a shy kind of way and then they set about playing Frankie's favorite game, which was pretending he was a car stuck in the mud. Jeb would get down beside him and jack up first one leg and then t'other, sticking a rock or a board under each one until Frankie was free of the ditch. Then Jeb tied a rope onto the head end and, making out he was the team and the skinner at the same time, he'd grunt and strain and haul Frankie out onto dry ground. Then Frankie would laugh and go weaving up the meadow until he picked out another spot to get hisself stuck, and they'd do it all over again.

Jeb stayed for dinner that day, and all the time he sat there talking to Frankie quietlike, answering a couple of million questions, while Ole and the Mrs. like to burst wondering when Frankie would ask something he hadn't ought to.

Well sir, they got to be real pals; Jeb come down to the ranch every once in a while to chin with little Frankie, and whenever the kid was missing we could be mighty sure he was with Jeb, setting by while he felled dry timber, or up to the house, playing with the wooden horse. Frankie loved that horse more than anything he ever seen.

Looking back on it now, I think that if everybody treated Jeb like Frankie did, maybe he would have come out all right. Because even when Prouty was getting to be real locoed, he always acted more like hisself when Frankie was around. The creepy look would go outa his eyes and he'd talk quiet and nice like he used to.

I will say this for Ole and the Mrs., that they did tolerate Jeb a sight longer than most folks, but then like I said, Jeb wasn't so bad when he was with us. But after a piece, when the stories about Jeb's spells got wilder and wilder, Mrs. Larsen begun to worry about it, and she wouldn't let Frankie go up to Jeb's no more. It made her oneasy to think of Frankie up there with Jeb, and I can't say I blame her none.

Frankie sneaked off once in a while, but not very often, for like as not he'd catch a tanning when he got home. And this Jeb, he knowed folks was fixing to give him the cold shoulder, and little by little he stopped visiting around.

As winter come on, it was a mighty lonely sight to see Jeb Prouty driving a sled-load of wood down the road, knowing as we did that he'd be facing that cold wind for nigh onto twenty mile before he'd have a place where he could go in and get warm.

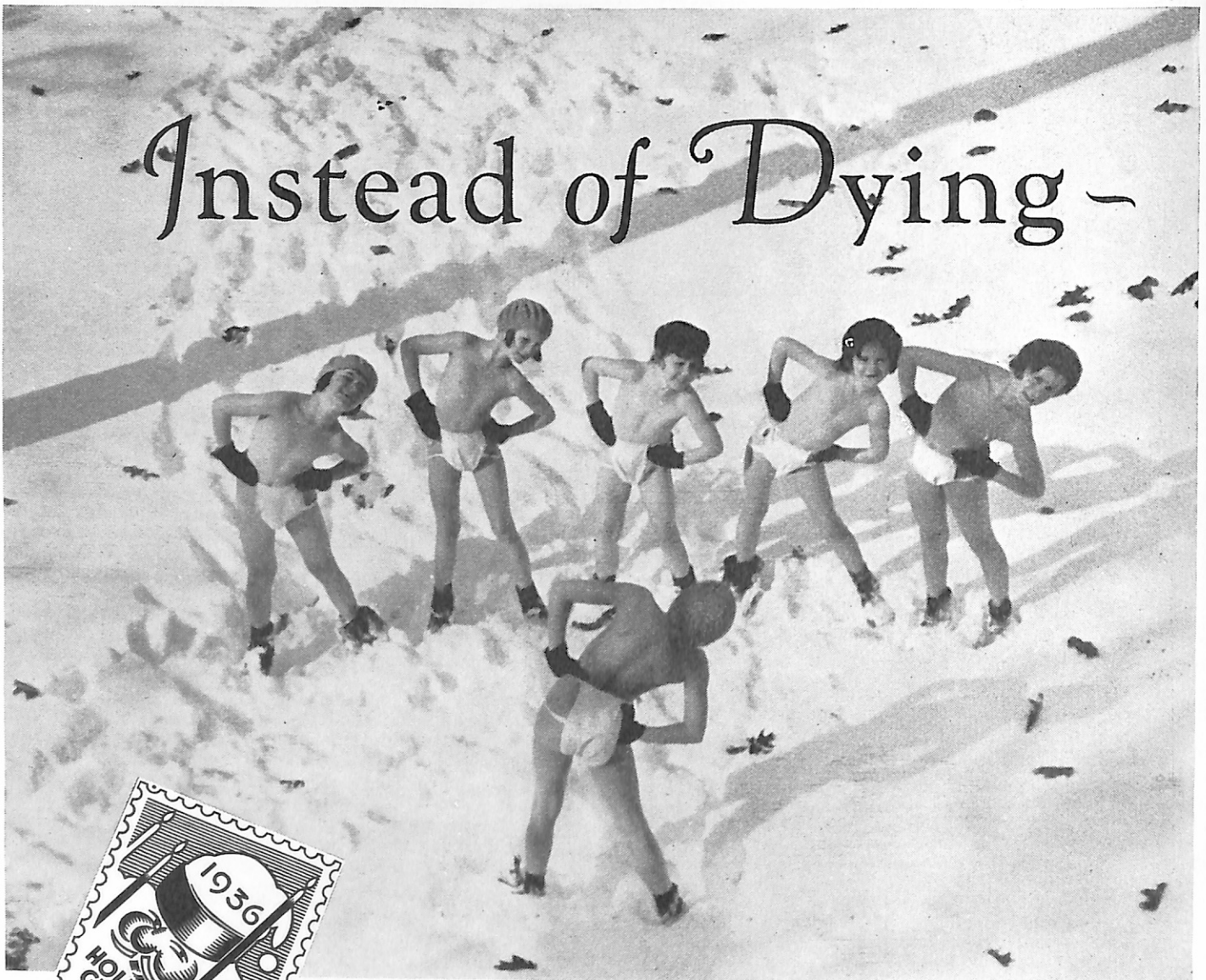
By that time I think we all begun to see that the lonesomeness was getting him for fair. That living alone and working alone is a mighty scant diet for a person without he's used to it, and if his mind has got any likelihood of coming onhinged, that'll do her. Sure, Jeb made a mistake in moving out there, but that don't entirely excuse folks for not trying harder to help him when he begun to go loco. But then, like the feller says, a man can look backwards a heap further than he can see ahead.

So Jeb made a mistake and we made another—and the weather man didn't help none. Man, it was cold that December! For weeks it never got above zero even at noon with the sun shining bright, and every night it went down to thirty and forty below. The roads was as good as blocked; Jeb got his Model T through to town and back the day before Christmas, but he had to do a mighty lot of shoveling, and ten minutes after he passed the wind had filled in his track again.

By Christmas Eve the inside parts of the door knobs and hinges was beginning to frost up, and the cold was working into the house, with us having a struggle to keep it back out.

We had a fight getting (Continued on page 48)

Instead of Dying -



Pictures, Inc.

Pupils of Residential Open Air School of the Tuberculosis and Health Society of St. Louis going through their routine

By A. K. B. Hollinshead

THE twelve o'clock whistle had blown. Ordinarily at this time the old rafters of the recreation hall rang with the spontaneous laughter and good-natured back slappings of men resting from a good morning's work at the machines. But today little quiet groups of them gathered and talked in subdued voices.

They were stunned. It was so hard to believe that this could have happened to Jim Sullivan—big, strapping, curly-haired Jim. Why, Jim was strong—Jim was powerful—the best shot putter at the plant!

"They found him on the floor, white as a sheet. Hemorrhage from the lungs." This word had passed the rounds of the men. And their annual Field Day only a fortnight off! How they would miss seeing his masterly strength and hearing his merry shout of triumph as he scored for his team!

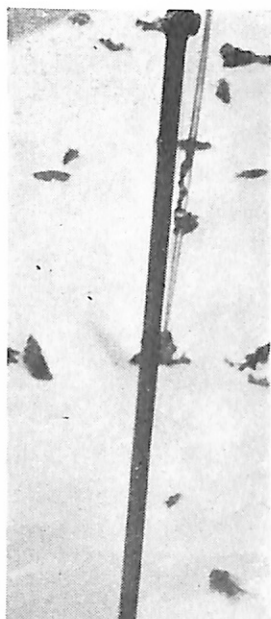
"TB, of course," they whispered. "The doctors are sending him to the sanatorium at once."

And when after their day's work, they were back in their homes, they told the news to their wives in the same hushed tones they had told each other. "Poor Mary," the women said. "Poor Mary and the two boys!"

But over in Jim Sullivan's home there was no time for gloom and long faces. The neighbors had taken the boys in and Mary went about packing Jim's grip, calling cheery greetings into the bedroom as she did so. Under her breath she kept repeating over and over again, "My Jim has got to be a well man again." At first she had felt that he had received a prison sentence, but after the first terrible news of what had happened, she began to believe her words might come true.

When they carried him out on the stretcher, into the ambulance that was to take him to the sanatorium, she waved goodbye bravely, saying over and over to herself the words that had now become for her a prayerful chant, "My Jim has got to be a well man again."

TODAY the Jims in this country who fall victim to tuberculosis are far too many—too many in view of the fact that the presence of tuberculosis can be discovered long before the hemorrhage stage. Modern science has placed excellent methods of detection in the hands of physicians. If only the everyday man and woman would do his or her part, no such record as the



present could be chalked up for that tiny germ only one ten-thousandth of an inch in length. Think of it! Tuberculosis is today the second greatest cause of death among our employed men, heart disease coming first.

And yet Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service, says, "Tuberculosis can be wiped out in our nation!"

The records show that 70,000 are dying each year from this scourge—a scourge which Egyptian mummies prove existed 1600 years before the Christian era and which Chinese history actually mentions around 550 B.C. Another fact that impresses one is that more than 500,000 persons are

Jim Sullivan's two boys and Mary were all tested with tuberculin the day after Big Jim was taken to the sanatorium. They were what is known as contact cases; that is, they had lived with someone who had tuberculosis.

But tuberculin testing is advised not only for those who are known to have been exposed to direct contact. It is advised for all. This has become in many schools and colleges a recognized procedure in determining the health status of the students. Miss Jessamine S. Whitney, statistician for the National Tuberculosis Association, said recently that "tuberculin tests of school children have disclosed that sometimes as high as 40 percent of those reacting positively have no known contact nor have ever had any."

How essential it is then, not only to do the detecting of tuberculosis with such devices as the tuberculin test, the X-ray, and the stethoscope (that fascinating instrument which all physicians carry and which has intrigued us since childhood), but also to emphasize the prevention side by enforcing some of the excellent community legislation we have been writing on our statute books for the last fifty years, and not without avail.



Left: Receiving the tuberculin test that will reveal whether or not he has been infected with tuberculosis

Tuberculosis patients taking sun baths at Adam Memorial Hospital at Perrysburg, N. Y.

Keystone View Co.



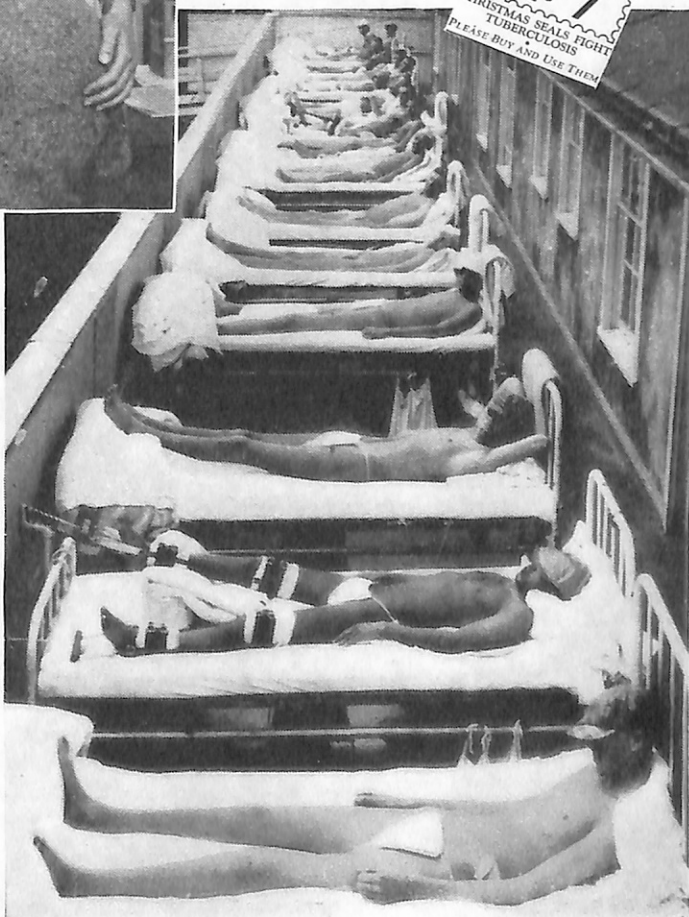
sick with tuberculosis in the United States at this very moment. And yet Dr. Parran says it can be wiped out.

How? That is the question that each one of us raises who is at all concerned for the welfare of his children, of husband or wife, or of his fellow men. How can we get rid of this plague that knows no favorites but strikes rich and poor, strong and frail alike?

We can answer this question with words, with firstly's, secondly's, thirdly's and fourthly's, but it can really only be answered with deeds.

A PERIODIC physical examination, the doctors tell us, is an excellent way to uncover trouble. And it is the tuberculin test which discloses actual infection. "Gosh, it didn't hurt at all," our seven-year-old Johnny tells us after the school doctor has given it to him. "Just a drop of some liquid that he puts between the layers of our skin. No, it hasn't any color. And in two days he wants to see us again to see if a red spot is there."

If there is a red spot it indicates that the person has been infected. This is not necessarily a sign that the individual has tuberculosis, however. X-ray pictures are therefore made at this point to determine definitely whether tuberculosis is present.



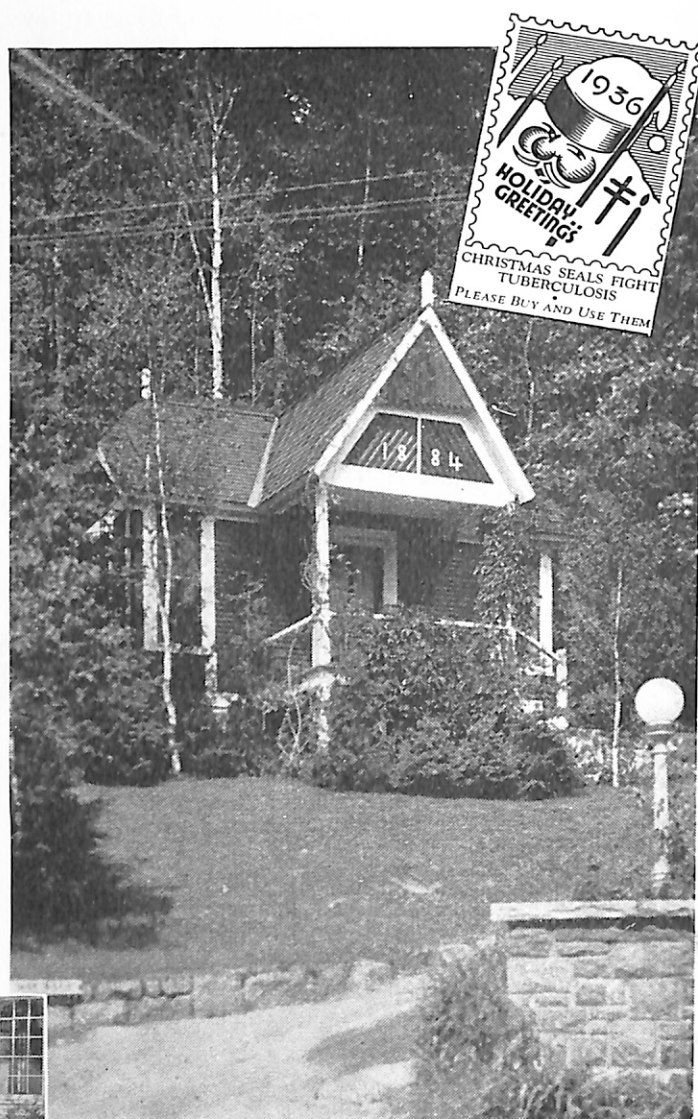
No better laws were ever passed for our general community welfare than our "Anti-Spitting Laws." Today there is no excuse for not understanding the warnings we read in the cars and it is the duty of each of us not only to obey their commands, but to see that others obey them as well.

Some of us can recall the days when these placards were not always as intelligible to the public as they are today. Boston had a warning in the cars that brought puckering brows to many who read it: "Disposition of sputum on the car floor is a menace to the health of the public and is therefore prohibited." Today we read: "Spitting on the car floor is not allowed," and we all know what it means.

"No Mercy" was the battle cry of the hordes of barbarians who swept down upon Rome centuries ago. "No Mercy" should be the battle cry of all of us today in our fight against tuberculosis. We must be in deadly earnest with this enemy of our people. Each year it takes its toll from the flower of our young manhood and womanhood, taking its greatest toll chiefly between the ages of 15 and 45—the very years when men and women are the most productive and when they are of the greatest economic value. Aside from the humanitarian point of view, we cannot afford to lose our workers of the nation, to sacrifice our fathers and mothers of today and tomorrow to this microscopic monster, the *tubercle bacillus*.

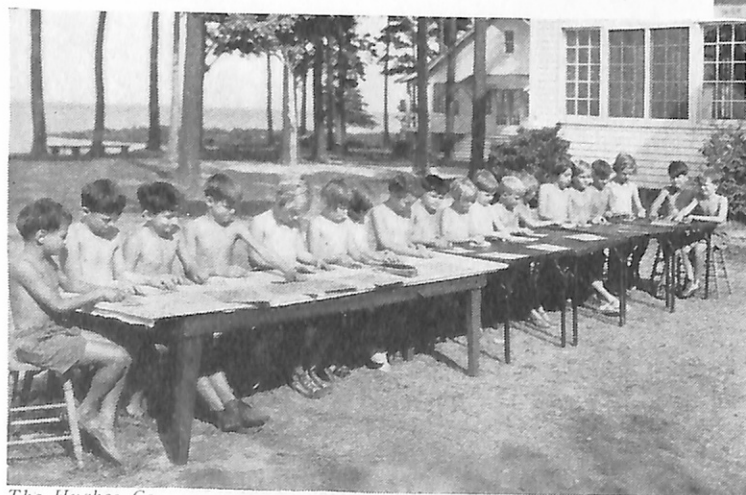
After Jim Sullivan had been taken to the sanatorium, there was the usual gossip among his friends about the tragedy that had overtaken the Sullivan family. One of the women gave Mary strange consolation: "If you weren't poor, this wouldn't have happened to your man," she said. It was no comfort, of course, but in her limited way this woman had made a rather accurate observation.

For many years it has been known that tuberculosis is a disease which is more prevalent among the poor



Keystone View Co.

Above: This Little Red Cottage is the first place in America where open-air treatment of tuberculosis was practiced. It was erected by Edward Livingston Trudeau in 1884



The Hughes Co.

To show their appreciation of what Christmas Seal funds have done to bring them back to health these boys and girls at Miracle House, Claiborne, Maryland, fold sheets of seals that go into the mails Thanksgiving Day

than the rich. An actual study recently made of the employed men in ten states shows that the tuberculosis rate in the lowest economic class is *six and one-half times higher* than that in the highest economic group.

But every state contains more people in the lower income groups than in the higher!

JIM SULLIVAN went to the modern sanatorium, evolved from the primitive one that Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau had built in the Adirondacks in the 1880's. The biography of this young society physician is not only fascinating reading, but it is one of the most stirring studies of courage and thoughtfulness for others. As a young man in his early thirties, he was declared tuberculous, and in those days this was equivalent to a death sentence. Trudeau determined to spend his last hours in the mountains he loved so well. One day while leaning on his gun and waiting for a fox

to appear, he suddenly realized that he felt better when he rested. And he saw, too, that instead of dying, this life that he was leading, playing and sleeping in the out-of-doors, was restoring him to health. When sufficient strength came back to him, he decided to build the "inside-out" houses he had dreamed of, so that others might come and rest and regain their health. Friends became interested and Trudeau Sanatorium came into being at Saranac Lake.

Today there are 1200 sanatoria and other institutions in the United States providing more than 95,000 beds for tuberculous patients. Some of these are operated with state funds; others are city and county sanatoria; still others are maintained by private funds.

Readers of this Magazine know that the Elks are themselves much interested in the fight against tuberculosis. The Arizona State Elks Association operates a sanatorium of forty beds at Tucson and is doing a

magnificent piece of work in restoring people to their families and to society.

Jim Sullivan not only went to the sanatorium; he returned from it, an arrested case, in two years. He had had the best of care, good food, rest in bed, fresh air, sunshine, and because it was discovered that in his particular case only one lung had been infected he had been given artificial pneumothorax treatment.

"Sounds like a mouthful, honey, doesn't it?" he told Mary afterwards. "But all it means is collapsing one lung."

Since 1912 this treatment has been used with increasing frequency in the United States. Air is introduced into the chest cavity between the chest wall and the lung, thus collapsing the diseased lung and putting it at rest. The healthy lung then does the

work until both organs can again be restored to their normal functioning.

That they have helped is evident after a study has been made of mortality statistics for tuberculosis over the years from 1907 to the present. When the seals first appeared, almost 200 for every 100,000 of population were dying yearly. Today that figure has been reduced to less than 60 for every 100,000.

The story of Saint George and the Dragon is worth recalling—Saint George, who finally became the patron saint of Merry England. The tale begins with the havoc wrought by a terrible dragon whose breath was so full of poison that it caused the death of all who were within reach of it. His hunger was so great, too, that it could only be appeased by human lives, and so each day lots were drawn and a man or woman was given him. Rich or poor, high or low, someone must daily be sacrificed to the dreadful dragon—someone until the lot designated the King's daughter. Then it will be remembered that at this particular moment St. George appeared to rescue her.

Tuberculosis is just such a dragon. But we, too, have our St. George today. Science with its multiple methods of prevention, of detection and cure can overcome this modern dragon.

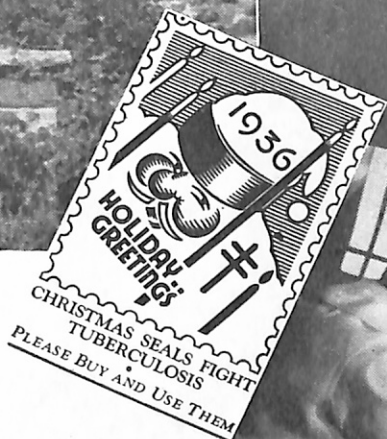
Dr. Parran's words can be made prophetic of a new day close at hand, but possible only with the co-operation of every American citizen. "Tuberculosis can be wiped out in our nation."

When the gay Christmas Seals are sold throughout the country—Christmas Seals that bear the symbol of the double-barred cross, it is to be hoped that everyone, high and low, rich and poor, will buy them. For the fight against tuberculosis is the fight of every man, woman and child in America today.

"Tuberculosis can be wiped out in our nation." And because it can be, it must be!

Left: Protecting the baby's health by an X-Ray examination

Below: G-men and women of science are engaged in constant research to find a specific cure for tuberculosis



work until both organs can again be restored to their normal functioning.

The battle against tuberculosis is being waged on every front—community precautionary measures, detection and cure. But no story of the fight against this deadly germ is complete until the great part played by the Christmas Seal has been told. For this bit of gaily printed paper appearing on our holiday gifts and messages has made it possible for knowledge about tuberculosis to be disseminated among all classes of people, and in many places has actually paid for the tuberculin testing of children, and for X-rays.

The Christmas Seal first made its appearance in this country in 1907. The idea had originated with Einar Holboell, a postmaster in Denmark in 1904, who raised money in this way to combat tuberculosis in his own land. The first year they were on sale in the United States \$3,000 was secured. Every year Christmas Seals have raised funds that are used to help in the great fight.



Imagination...



by D. D.
Beauchamp

*Illustrated by
Gilbert Bundy*

I'VE seen some youngsters here and there in my time as a peace officer that were pretty cool hands for kids, but this young Troy Michaels had me beat both ways from the jack. At my age it isn't the most pleasant thing in the world to have some twenty-five-year-old cub tell you how to conduct your own business; and, although I may be one, I still resent being treated like a hick constable. Maybe there is something in this statement that "pride goeth before a fall."

I didn't know him very well because I hadn't been home much, running around the county the way I was,

trying to find out who was doing the stick-up jobs on the little banks back in the smaller towns, but he had been calling on Sue quite often, which was all right since I didn't have anything on him at the time. I didn't object just then because Sue can usually pick her own friends, and I wasn't considering the possibility of having him as a son-in-law. But I did object later, after I realized that he might be a whole lot smarter than I'd given him credit for being.

He was a writer, and he'd come out to Benito for the Summer because this section of the hills is pretty

*I saw him every day
taking her to lunch
when she was through
work*



isolated and it was a good spot for the accumulation of local color; or at least that's the story he told, and a man's word is usually sufficient for me, until he proves himself a liar. But when I happened to see him over in Denton about an hour after the bank job there, and four weeks later over in Fort Custer when the Cattleman's National got knocked over it began to look like something more than a mere coincidence.

Understand that I didn't have anything definite on him, but I decided that he'd bear watching because those jobs didn't have any of the earmarks of local

talent, and under the circumstances I decided that suspicion of any stranger was justified, which of course included young Michaels.

He knew it, too, but as far as I could see the only effect it had on him was to amuse him. I resented that, naturally. And it was just about that time when it struck me how smart he really was, because getting engaged to the sheriff's daughter is a fine way of avoiding suspicion, and he and Sue had managed to get themselves engaged by that time without my finding it out until later. Right then I started objecting.

I couldn't blame Sue very much, because he was a nice looking boy, and well educated, and amusing, I suppose; but I knew it had to stop. If it went on I could see that the people of Benito County would be accusing me of misuse of public office and complicity in crime if I had a bank robber in the family. I'd hate to go out of office with people thinking that. And besides, with all suspicion of crime aside, I wasn't just sure that he was the person I'd approve of for Sue, not knowing him any better than I did.

But he was a cool hand for a youngster. He came into the office on Monday. Outside it was raining, one of those slow, thin rains we have here sometimes in the Fall, not heavy enough to get you really wet, but just heavy enough to make it damp and uncomfortable. I had a fire going and was sitting at the desk looking out the window when he came in.

He was a tall boy with good shoulders, and a pretty good build altogether, although I prefer them a little heavier and built closer to the ground; but he was a nice husky looking kid. He had light hair, and blue eyes, and he had a way of looking at you with a sort of constant curiosity through the glasses that he wore. That was enough to make you nervous, but it was the talking to him that really bothered me. He looked at you all the time in a serious way as though he were carefully considering everything you said in regard to what value it might have; and when he talked himself he sort of rambled on, yet using the same care in speech that you might use in walking over rough ground, with interjections of irrelevant things, and observations that made his conversation hard to follow.

He was wearing riding boots, and one of those short oiled-silk jumpers that he'd slipped on over his shirt against the rain. He sat down in a chair and fished out tobacco and papers and started to build a cigarette. He was good at it, too.

"I've been practicing this all Summer," he said. "I'm a conformist. Riding boots hurt my feet though." He crimped the end of the cigarette, and lit it, and let the smoke come out while he talked. "The bank at Ross was held up this noon, wasn't it?"

I'm not usually surprised, having almost outgrown that capacity in ten years of being a sheriff, but that surprised me, because as far as I knew only three deputies and myself had any information about it. I'd been busy for three hours with calls from Ross, and posting men on the roads after I'd heard it, but there was no reason on earth why he should have known.

"Son," I said, "you know too damned much."

He said, "No. As a matter of fact I don't know enough. I just think things. You think I'm mixed up in this some way, don't you, sheriff?"

I said, "I don't think anything. You seem pretty well informed for an innocent bystander."

He said, "I don't blame you, looking at the facts and considering everything. I'm a stranger. I have no known source of income. I don't work. I was on the scene of robbery at least twice. And I carry a gun."

He reached inside the jumper and took a gun out of a shoulder rig he was wearing. He laid it on the desk. It was a .45 Colt automatic, Army issue, and it had a full clip of shells in the magazine. Then he reached in a pocket and laid a pistol permit beside it.

I said, "Son, I don't quite get you. You're either the damnest fool I ever saw, or you have more nerve than any two people I've ever seen. What am I supposed to do?"

"Nothing. I just wanted you to know where I stand." He put his feet up on the desk and started blowing

smoke rings at the ceiling. "I have a theory," he said.

"You can keep it," I said.

"I was just coming to that. I'm not a criminologist and any ideas I have might not be worth a damn. I might even be trying to mislead you. It's a good theory, too."

"I don't want your theory," I said. "But just as a matter of curiosity you might tell me why this sudden interest in the whys and wherefores of bank robbery, when according to your own admission it's a little out of your line."

"My duty as a law-abiding and public-spirited citizen."

"Come again."

He took his feet down from the desk and went over to stand looking out the window.

"Two thousand dollars reward would attract anyone." Then he said, "Set a thief to catch a thief." I write books. They're lousy books, but that's beside the point. Imagination is my stock in trade. The person that engineered these hold-ups has imagination. That makes it simple."

"That's what I think," I said. "Only I can't prove it. You don't catch criminals with imagination."

"I suppose not."

"You know too much," I said. "Some day you'll get in trouble over that."

He didn't pay any attention to me. He stood at the window and talked as though he were talking to himself, as though there was something he had to settle in his mind so that all the fragments of what he thought would come cleanly together into a definite pattern.

"Each robbery has certain points of similarity in relation to the preceding one. Time and method. Weather conditions. An indication of a foreknowledge of the construction and routine of the individual banks. The procedure is exact in that the employees are found locked in the vault, and the getaway is made in a stolen car that is later found abandoned at a distance varying from twenty to thirty miles from the scene of the robbery. . . ." He looked at me over his shoulder. "That doesn't stir your imagination, does it?"

"None," I said. "Maybe you'll tell me now that the same people did them all. Hell, I know that already. What does that prove? They plan a job a long time in advance, and somebody furnishes all the information necessary. . . ."

He said, "That's where I come in, isn't it? I'm the gent with the brains who cases the bank and arranges all the details. . . . Did it ever occur to you that the topographical aspects of the country where the getaway car is found abandoned in each case bear a certain similarity and that that fact might be significant?"

"Maybe it's significant that it's raining outside," I said.

That surprised him for some reason. Not that he showed it in any way. It was just that I got the impression that he hadn't expected it. It was an impression as plain as though he had started and turned to look at me, although he hadn't. He hadn't moved at all.

"So you thought of that, too?"

"Thought of what?"

"The rain."

"It's pretty obvious," I said.

The rain was coming down harder just then. You could hear it in a long muffled sound on the roof, and it came down in a twining fall from the eaves. But he wasn't talking about that rain. He'd lost me some place along the line, and he was back in that abstract mood



again, fashioning something in his mind that I couldn't understand.

"A necessary adjunct. The time element. If conditions exist concurrently on three occasions you can pretty well eliminate the possibility of coincidence, and the conditions themselves immediately become important. If you take all the things involved there is only one conclusion that will fit them all. That has to be the right one." He turned around and said, "I beg your pardon, sheriff, that's a digression. . . . Have you ever worn a derby hat?"

"I'd look like hell in a derby hat."

"That's just the point."

He was looking down at something in the street and I got up out of my chair to see what it was. There was a big red sedan with Illinois plates parked at the curb just below us. It was completely covered with mud.

"Looks like tough traveling," I said.

Then I knew where he got the remark about the derby. Three men and a woman were standing in the entrance to the Club Café across the street. They were standing in out of the rain talking to Chub Towner. When they were through talking they came out of the doorway, almost running through the rain, and came across to the red car and got in. The men had on dark overcoats and two of them wore derbies.



"And I carry a gun." He reached inside the jumper and took a gun out of a shoulder holster he was wearing

"Not as far as I could throw this desk," I said. "You know too much."

He said, "I'm sorry about that."

He started for the door again, but I stopped him. I still had one thing I wanted to say.

"Just in view of everything," I said, "I'd take it as a personal favor if you didn't come around to the house any more. I don't imagine Sue will want to see you."

He didn't get mad at that the way I had expected. He didn't even act very surprised. He just stood there and looked at me through his glasses. Finally he said, "You don't do that right. It has to be dramatic. You should say, 'Never darken my door again.'"

I said, "Never mind the way I do it, it still means the same thing."

He put his hat on and said, "All right." He went out the door and I thought he'd gone, but he put his head back in the door again. "Sheriff," he said, "If I ever do engineer a heist you can rest assured it will be a successful one. I have vision."

I didn't see any need to tell him about it, but just at the moment that was what I was afraid of.

I looked out the window and saw him come out the stair entrance down below, and go up the street with his head bent against the rain. I put on my hat and a slicker that was hanging on the door, and walked through the mud across the street to the Club Café. Chub Towner was still standing there.

"Chub," I said, "What were those people talking to you about. The ones in that red Illinois sedan?"

"You mean those gents in the derbies," Chub said. "Seems funny seein' one of those hard hats in this town. Sort of extreme you might say. Those the ones you mean?"

"What'd they want?"

"Nothing," Chub said. "The big one gave me a cigar. He wanted to know where the best hotel was, and a good garage. Seems they're interested in some minin' property and plannin' on stayin' two, three weeks. I sent 'em down to Johnson's. He owes me some money and I push trade his way when I can. Seems to be the only way I'll get paid. What's wrong, Fred?"

Right then I knew the kid had it on me. Here I was asking for information about something without the least idea of what I was trying to find out; and knowing even that the information I wanted couldn't be important. You just can't drive a (Continued on page 42)

"Just to be consistent," Troy Michaels said, "why not check on the new arrivals? I hate to be the only stranger under suspicion."

Of course he didn't live around here and couldn't appreciate the condition that these country roads get in during wet weather, but it did me good to be able to take him down on that.

"That's just routine," I said. "They left Ross at seven o'clock this morning. That's a hundred and ninety-five miles over the damndest, muddiest roads you ever saw. They got in here at four. The bank was held up at noon. You don't know these roads very well do you?"

"It was just an idea."

"Imagination," I said. "I don't write books, but I'm still capable of checking up on anything that might concern this office without any outside suggestions."

He said, "Sort of the idea of every shoemaker to his own last. Excuse me."

"Why don't you come clean, son," I said. "You know a lot more than you're telling."

"I can't."

He picked up his hat and started for the door, stopping about half way across the room.

"You don't trust me do you, sheriff?"

Three Men on a Horse and One on a Pony

by Walter Schmidt

DIRECTOR MERVYN LEROY, "boy" genius of Warner Bros., is wondering what to do about a gift pony just sent to him by an admiring friend. All boys are supposedly fond of ponies, but Mervyn has too vivid a memory of another pony that featured in his earlier life.

Warner Bros. studio was making a picture called "Little Johnny Jones" and needed a jockey. Mervyn being small and looking like a jockey, asked for the job.

"Can you ride?" Jack Warner asked.

"I said sure I could ride and he tells me to report next day," relates Mervyn. "That afternoon I went out to the Beverly Hills Riding Academy and took a couple of lessons. My instructor couldn't have been so good, because in the first scene I fell off. But it was called an accident and I managed to play the part with no more mishaps."

A rough way to get started on a movie or any other career, but Mervyn has been riding that old bucking Hollywood nag ever since with the greatest of success.

Mervyn LeRoy's childhood has been cluttered up with much busier pastimes than riding about on dapple gray ponies.

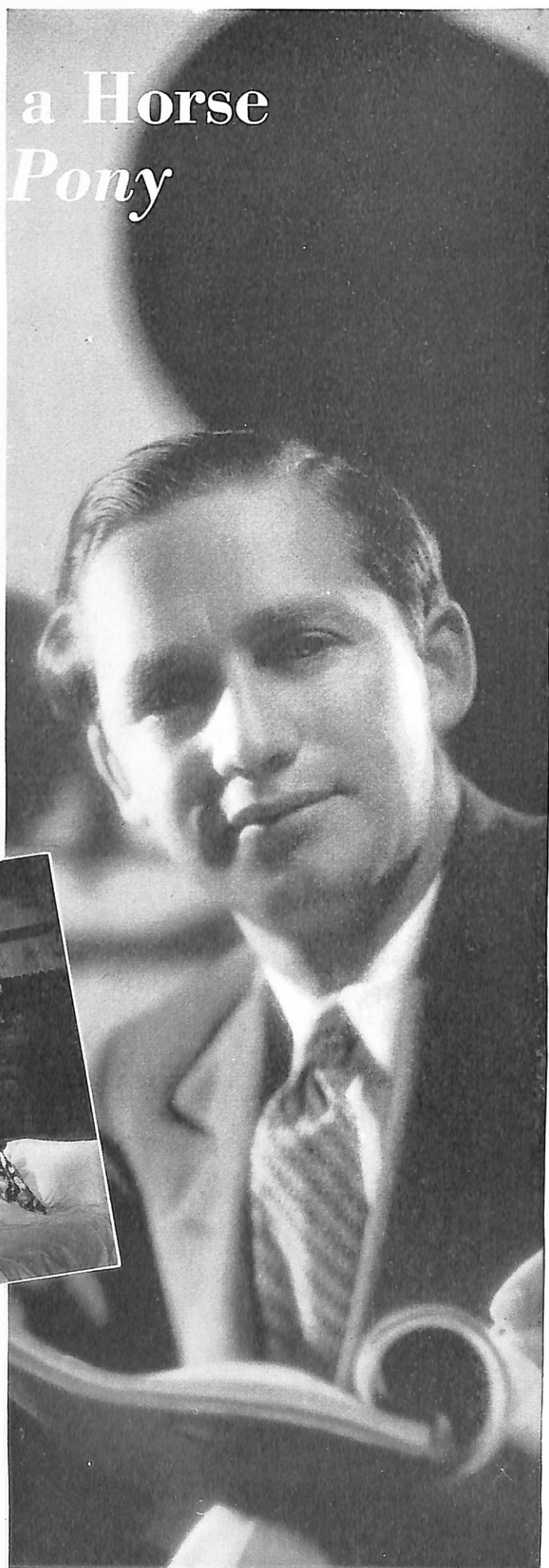
"Pastimes" in the form of selling papers to help a family left destitute by the San Francisco earthquake.

"There was plenty for me to do," recalls Mervyn. "I



Above: LeRoy, in white, directs Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins in "Three Men on a Horse."
Right: Mervyn LeRoy, Warner Bros. "boy" genius

had a magazine route with 1,300 customers and I had my papers to sell. And when I wasn't doing anything else I would go down on Harrison Street and watch Charlie Chaplin, G. M. Anderson, Ben Turpin and Leo White make motion pictures.



"I knew then what I wanted to be. I wanted to be another Charlie Chaplin, so I studied his mannerisms and after a while I knew them all. That was in 1915, the year of the Panama Pacific Exposition. I got together a Chaplin outfit and went over to the Motor-drome. The man who ran it gave me a job. I had to stand in front as a sort of shill to draw the people in. I was Charlie Chaplin for weeks and when they had a Chaplin contest at the fair I won a gold cup. I still have it somewhere, and it must be gold because it hasn't turned green yet.

"There were posters in the lobby of the Alcazar Theatre and on them were the names of Frank Bacon, Marjorie Rambeau, Bert Lytell, Virginia Brissac, J. Anthony Smythe and Theodore Roberts. I used to stand in the lobby and look at the names and dream about being an actor. I sold papers in front of the theatre and the actors and actresses used to be my customers. Another customer was Milton Stollard, the stage manager, and I kept pestering him, telling him maybe he could give me a little part. And finally he did. It was the part of a newsboy in Wilson Mizner's 'Deep Purple.' Then later he gave me a part in 'Barbara Frietchie.' All I had to do was climb a tree and shout 'The Yankees are coming!' The first night I fell out of the tree and they had to ring the curtain down to stop the laughter."

There were other pastimes that figured in Mervyn's life: Teaming up with another adventurous youth for a barnstorming vaudeville act billed as "LeRoy and Cooper—two kids and a piano," traveling up and down the coast playing the Pantages circuit and later the Orpheum circuit; working as a wardrobe moth chaser for his cousin, Jesse Lasky; playing comic in one of Gus Edwards' kid acts, "Country Kids"; singing songs like "See—Saw—See—Saw" and "Down on the Farm," and sleeping five in a bed to save hotel expenses; lugging cameras over his shoulder for William DeMille under the official plume of "second cameraman"; writing gags at First National Studio, where Colleen Moore was the biggest star of the moment. All these were to be entered on the ledger of

Let's drop in on the "Three Men On a Horse" company at Warner Bros. and watch him—

For the role of Erwin Trowbridge, the writer of greeting cards, who has an uncanny knack of picking horse race winners, Director LeRoy selected Frank McHugh. Carol Hughes was chosen to play Audrey, Erwin's wife. Paul Harvey got the part of Clarence, Audrey's brother. Joan Blondell got the part of Mabel, Patsy's girl. Teddy Hart and Sam Levene, who played on Broadway, were drafted for the film. Allen Jenkins won the part of Charlie, and Edgar Kennedy became Harry, the barkeep.

The set is a bar-room and not a high-class one. Probably, when you come through the stage doors, only the electricians are on the set, getting the lights ready. Director LeRoy and his script girl are studying the script.

LeRoy looks up. "Let's run through this," he says.

The electricians get off the set. The actors take their places—Kennedy behind the bar, McHugh in the washroom, Hart at the top of the stairs, and Levene and Jenkins at one of the tables, covered with racing forms.

"All right, Frank, you come out," LeRoy says. "Now, Sam, you go over to him and ask him if he feels all right," the director says.

Levene does just that. He leads McHugh to a chair and puts him in it. McHugh is supposed to be very drunk, and he slumps over the table.

"Now, Teddy," the director calls.

Down the steps comes Hart, making a clatter.

"Now what do I do?" Levene asks.

"Let's see," says LeRoy. He sits down and studies the script. Then he looks around the room. "You take Jenkins by the arm and lead him away from the table a bit. And you say to him: 'Erwin's a genius.' And Jenkins says: 'I think he's screwy.'"

They do as they are told. LeRoy shakes his head. "It isn't so good. We'll have to do it a different way."

"This is how we did it in the play," Levene says. He was a member of the original New York cast of the show. He demonstrates.

Below: Joan Blondell, Frank McHugh, Mervyn LeRoy and Carol Hughes during the filming of "Three Men on a Horse"



Below: Mervyn LeRoy, seated, directs Frank McHugh, leaning on bar, in a sequence from "Three Men on a Horse"



time before the name of the producer of "Five Star Final," "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "Tugboat Annie," "Little Caesar," "Anthony Adverse," became a name worthy of any producer's salaam.

Director Mervyn LeRoy believes in thorough rehearsals. He uses the master shot rehearsal method. That is, he takes a long scene and rehearses it first. Then he breaks it up into shorter scenes and rehearses each one before he shoots it.

"Not bad," says LeRoy.

They try it Levene's way.

Over and over the scene is rehearsed until it is perfect. Finally LeRoy motions to Sol Polito, the cameraman. Polito and his crews put the camera in place.

"Ready?" LeRoy asks. Polito nods.

Then there is another rehearsal—this time just McHugh's entrance.

"We'll take it," says LeRoy.

Like the poor, Dick and Joan (Blondell) Powell, tastefully photographed at right, are always with us. After a quiet little honeymoon in the East the happy couple are now appearing in a Warner Brothers confection known as "Gold Diggers of 1937." Below, inset, are Victor Moore, who lends comedy to the super-epic, and Mr. Powell playing games, while, inset at extreme right, Miss Glenda Farrell, also present, hears the suave Osgood Perkins contribute acting of a wise and charming quality.

Below, John Gielgud, the Britisher, currently displays what will probably be elected the season's finest performance in a restrained and thoughtful interpretation of "Hamlet." Judith Anderson and Lillian Gish lend a rich support in the two feminine roles.



Show Business



Left, Clifton Webb (prone), Helen Gahagan and Claudia Morgan register futility in the Theatre Guild's "And Stars Remain." Mr. Webb and Miss Morgan permit themselves to sound off with swell performances.

Below, a tense bit from the riotous musical offering, "Red, Hot and Blue," with a burning Mr. Durante, a loudly vocal Ethel Merman and an utterly delightful Mr. Bob Hope.



Right are the principals of New York's reigning stage success, "Tovarich," adapted from the French by our Mr. Robert Sherwood. The comedy is a sophisticated bit of fooling around starring Marta Abba, the celebrated Italian star, and Robert Halliday, who is as familiar to movie-goers as to theatre fiends. Playing a Russian prince and princess forced to accept the positions of domestics in a French household, the stars extract every ounce of fun from the play.



Below, Charles Laugh-ton, starring as Rembrandt, and his wife, Elsa Lanchester, with an unknown character in the film, "Rembrandt."

Right, Miss Kay Francis, astonishingly garbed, waxes expensively seductive over a glass of champagne in her latest film, "Stolen Holiday."



A new star was made on Broadway when Maurice Evans, right, crashed through with his magnificent acting as Napoleon in "St. Helena," a play of the Emperor's tragic years in exile.





Marlyn Stuart, left, the program's featured canary, is one of those who get a laugh with, or at, Ken Murray each Tuesday eve at 8:30 over WABC. Miss Stuart is restful to the ear and a solace to the eye.



NBC, with wholehearted enthusiasm, has leaped aboard the aviation bandwagon with its program, "Flying Time," heard weekdays at 6:45 P.M. Colonel Roscoe Turner, below center, famous for his colorful aviation exploits and his equally colorful musical comedy uniforms, is the star.



Above, Floyd Gibbons is again heaving journalistic thunder and lightning for CBS.



Above, NBC's Ranch Boys, a very fancy little group of cowboy singers fresh off the range. You can believe it if you want to.

This Department is still doggedly plugging its adopted tenor, Nino Martini, below left, despite the overwhelming assistance offered by opera, the cinema and the Chesterfield Hour. We have now named our favorite cocktail after Mr. Martini, and it has swept the country.



Broadcast

Selected Christmas Books

For Elks and Their Families

by Claire Wallace Flynn

AROUSE AND BEWARE—by McKinlay Kantor. (COWARD-MC-CANN. \$2.50.)

AUTHORS everywhere drop nightly to their knees and beseech their favorite gods to deliver, postpaid and pronto, the gift of imagination. They must have this—or perish.

And, whether he was just born that way or was kissed on the brow later by the Olympians, you'll agree that there's no perishing for Mr. Kantor. This new book of his, and definitely his most important work, snatches you up into the spell of one of the most galvanic imaginations on the loose among young modern fiction writers. Mr. Kantor displayed this talent in both *Long Remember* and *The Voice of Bugle Ann*, but in this romance of the Civil War it shows itself as a superb gift.

The tale covers the escape of two Northern soldiers from the Rebel prison at Belle Isle. In their fugitive dash across Virginia they are joined by a young woman fleeing from her own private assortment of dangers. Their tortuous flight is charged with hair-trigger hazards and with that hot human element which is bound to spring to life during days and nights of such peril and intimacy.

The plot though unique is simple enough. The strength of the book lies, I think, in Mr. Kantor's ability to evoke in his readers a complete association with time, place and mood. It is we ourselves who make that dash for freedom. The starvation and fatigue are ours. We hear ourselves crash panic-stricken through the leafy undergrowth and plunge in the streams. Suspense quivers along every line of the book, and across its dark desperation flash moments of unsuspected tenderness.

As well a piece of creative writing as the winter, so far, has offered. It will be tops on any Christmas book list. You can't go wrong.

SAGITTARIUS RISING—by Cecil Lewis. (HARCOURT, BRACE. \$2.50)

Cecil Lewis, British ace at seventeen and senior Flight-Commander at twenty, was born under Sagit-

tarius Rising, ninth sign of the Zodiac—the one governing weapons, voyages and all swift things. Mr. Lewis has lived up to his stars!

In this book, just published in America after making a great hit in England, he tells the story of his thrilling youth. School—the World War and the Royal Flying Corps. France—photographing the German lines from the air while his glass



CECIL LEWIS

The young British ace who is the author of "Sagittarius Rising," published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

windshield was shattered by enemy bullets. Duels at eighteen thousand feet with gallant German planes. Meeting his shadow on a cloud. . . . The Armistice—then off to China to teach the Chinese how to fly and to acquire a rather neat philosophy of life and "a little love, a little kiss" among ancient courtyards and temples. An amazing bag of memories for one still in his thirties.

GREAT LAUGHTER—By Fannie Hurst. (HARPER. \$2.50)

Hollywood paid one hundred thousand good golden dollars for the picture rights of this novel, so you may be sure that it is no weak sister

of a story. It carries enough drama to supply very good theatre to the countryside for a year.

Great Laughter recounts the history of a riotous Scotch-American family, the assorted members of which run the gamut of most of the human emotions. "Gregarrie", presiding autocratically at the head of the clan, knows her men and women and so, though of great wealth herself, insists that all the Neales work for their living. That takes them out into the open.

Sardonic matriarchs are the rage in books and plays at the moment. "Gregarrie", still fearlessly governing her private universe at one hundred, is a noteworthy addition to the group. She's a wise old woman. Cruelty—terror—frustration—ambition—foolishness—bright honor—tender childhood—dark passion—all sweep her brood and leave her occasionally up against the ropes. But "Gregarrie" can take it.

Miss Hurst's characters are abundantly alive, and are faced with so many of the problems of the day that some readers look upon the book as a rather important commentary on what is grandly referred to as "our contemporary social scene." Here I became so entranced with the tale as sheer entertainment that I forgot to tag it.

Recommended for those who like a good deal of human dynamite in their fiction—and which of us doesn't!

NO HERO—THIS—by Warwick Deeping. (KNOPF. \$2.50)

Pressure of public opinion, often applied with horrifying casualness, drove many a peace-loving man unwillingly into the filth and foolishness of the World War. The draft and the recruiting officers accomplished it more honestly.

Warwick Deeping, author of that widely-read romance *Sorrel and Son*, takes one such man as the protagonist of this war-time record. Stephen Brent had no lust to kill. He hated violence. He was a doctor in a small English town, and in love with his wife. He had no urge to leave her and be shot to death in the mud of Flanders. He decidedly was no hero, but he joined the army. He was scorned into it. At least Mr. Deeping assures us he was no hero. But we have our own ideas about that.

After a year in Gallipoli he returned home convinced that he was a coward and a failure. Later he went once more to the front, this time ardently, and in France found his own new levels of spiritual contentment.

This is not a great novel, but it is a well-written book, warm in human relationships and presenting some unusual glimpses of the great conflict. More than all that, it is a timely plea for world peace. Recommended for that bookworm friend of yours.

(Continued on page 53)

Editorial

OUR EMBLEM OF JUSTICE

UPON every altar formally arranged for any session of a subordinate Lodge or of the Grand Lodge, or for any Elk ceremonial, there lies an open Bible, symbolic of Justice, one of the cardinal virtues of the Order. This has been true from the earliest days of its history. It has become a fixed fraternal tradition, familiar to all members. Yet there is an even broader significance in the use of this particular altar decoration.

The choice of Justice as the virtue the Bible should symbolize may have been an arbitrary, though a very happy, selection. It might well have been adopted as emblematic of other of our fraternal virtues. But the use of the Bible upon the altar of an Elks Lodge was inevitable.

From the very beginning of man's building of altars as sacred places before which he invoked his particular deities, it was customary to decorate them with objects which were most revered and which typified his highest aspirations. It is obvious that in accordance with the idea involved in this custom, the Bible would find a place upon an Elks altar; for it has held the most exalted place in the minds and hearts of

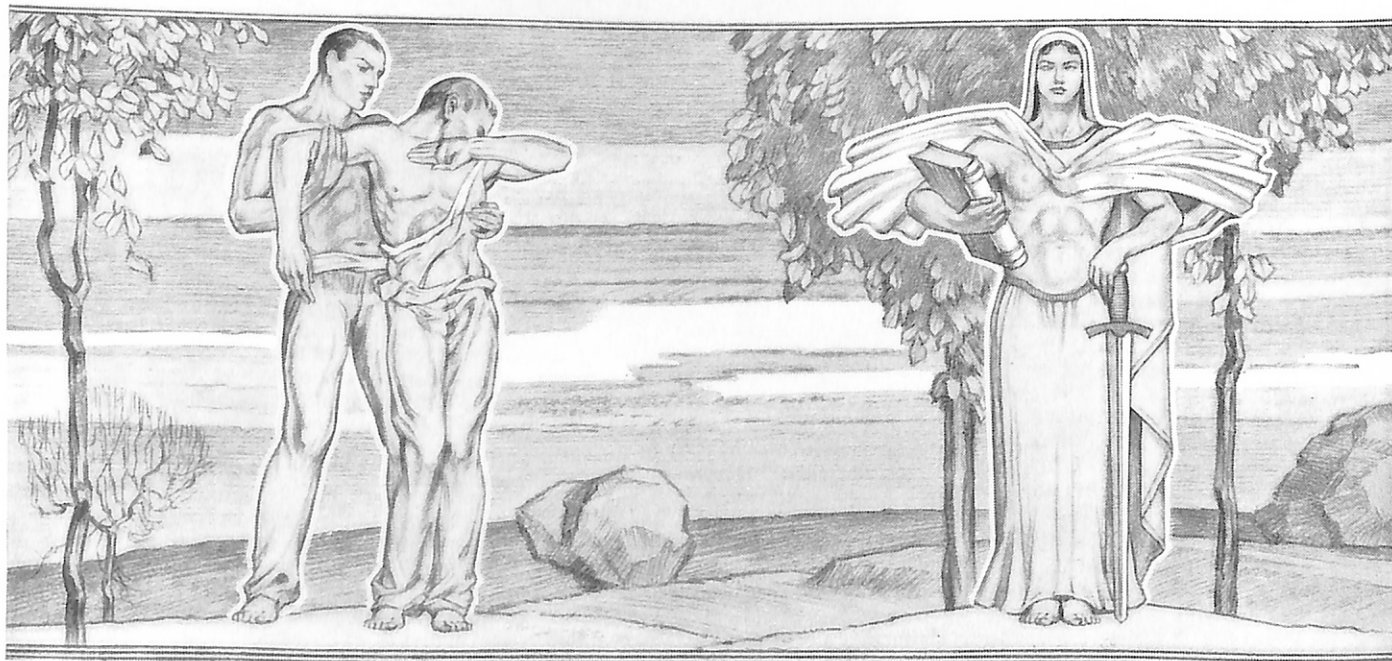
our people and their progenitors for hundreds of years, as the greatest moral influence in their lives.

It is frequently said that the Order of Elks is not a religious organization, and this is true in the narrow technical sense as involving sectarianism or denominationalism. But in the broad sense that religion is that universal tie which binds man to God and through him to his fellow man, the Order of Elks is a religious organization. And it is in this aspect that the Bible, as representing that universal religion, assumes its great significance.

Only recently, in speaking upon the four hundredth anniversary of the first printing of the Bible in English, President Roosevelt said: "The time is propitious to place a fresh emphasis upon its place and worth in the economy of our life as a people. . . . Its refining and elevating influence is indispensable to our most cherished hopes and ideals."

This influence is, of course, exerted by the reverent study of its contents, not by merely looking at its covers or regarding it as a physical symbol.

Our emblem of Justice has a greater significance upon our altars than as a mere reminder of one of the four cardinal virtues of our fraternity.



DECEMBER, 1936

IN "Revolution and Freemasonry," a recent book which has attracted much favorable attention from the critics, Prof. Bernard Fay, the author, quite convincingly supports his thesis that the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the readjustments which followed, looking to the preservation and protection of liberty and equality not only as natural human rights but also as civil rights of citizenship, were very largely influenced by the Masonic Fraternity. The members of that great organization, imbued with its teachings, eventually and inevitably became opposed to the old existing conditions; and the change of those conditions in the manner which history records was affected and speeded thereby.

The arguments advanced are in line with what has been repeatedly suggested in these columns. The membership of a great fraternity, drawn from all classes of a country's citizenry, and whose trend of thought is directed by its fundamental purposes, necessarily exercises a powerful influence upon the national attitude toward the rights, privileges and opportunities which should be accorded and insured to the whole people. That attitude, in due course, always results in effective action.

It is in this manner that fraternalism generally, embodying a higher and more generous concept of human rights and the duties of man toward his fellows, has materially affected the course of history and the development of our present civilization.

Our own people are more socially conscious today, more firmly impressed with their humanitarian obligations, than ever before. This is true generally with all civilized peoples. And it is due largely, in this country at least, to the influence exerted by members of fraternities whose teachings have been reflected in their own social viewpoint and sense of personal responsibility. Among these the Order of Elks has been a consistent and substantial contributor to that result.

Thus far the influence of fraternalism has been wholly

for good. With a full recognition of its potency, every care should be exercised that it should continue to be thus exerted.

A GRATIFYING TRIBUTE

IN an article published in an issue of the Martinsburg (W. Va.) Journal, James Wallen referred to the fundamental principles of our Order, and made a suggestion as to their wider adoption which amply justifies its quotation here. He said:

"If the industrial world should adopt as its motto, and mean it, the initial phrase of the first sentence of the preamble to the Constitution of the Order of Elks, there would never be a moment of strife or discord in any place where men toil.

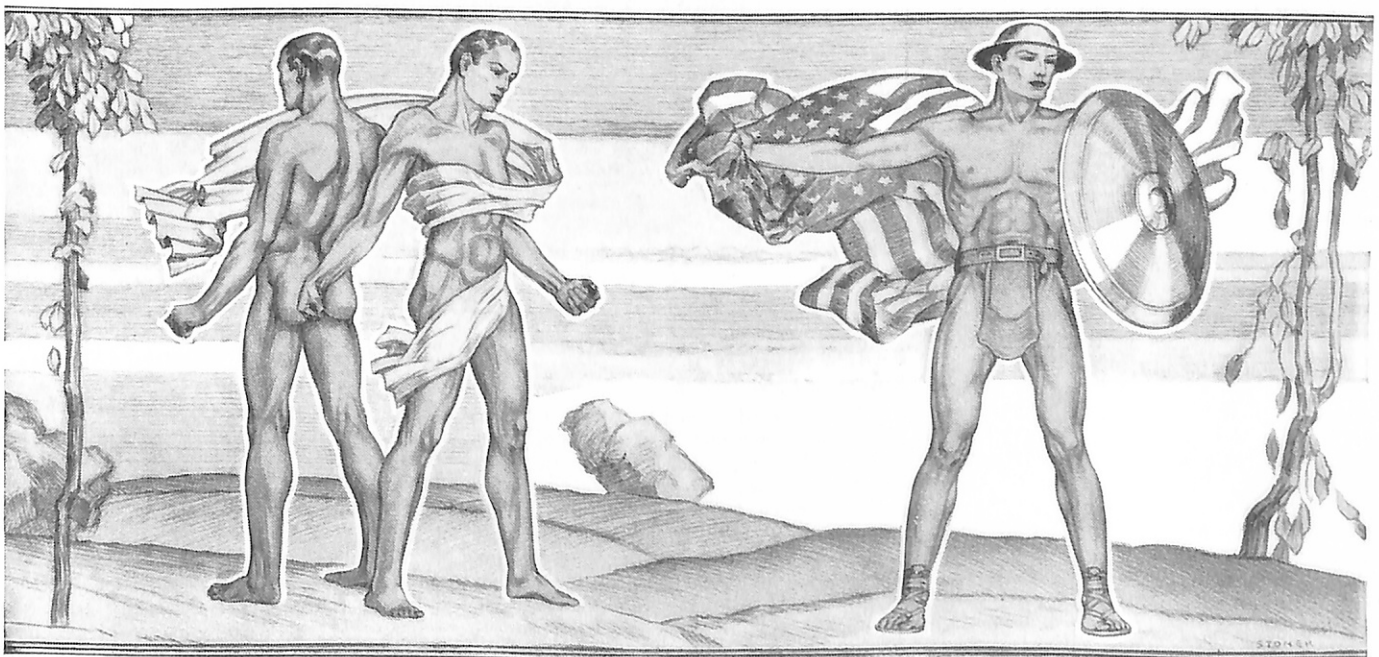
"'To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity,' reads the opening declaration of this, one of the classic documents of fraternal history.

"The author of the preface to the Constitution of the Order of Elks concentrated the essence of all religion, sanguine philosophy and constructive economics, into a tabloid doctrine.

"The phrase stands as an acknowledgment that mankind recognizes the source of all human misery in the opposite traits of selfishness, injustice, hate and infidelity."

It is true, perhaps, that the constitutions of most fraternal organizations contain similar declarations of exalted purposes. But it is gratifying that the phraseology of our Constitution should have been selected as the most suitable upon which to base the suggestion which the writer makes.

Of course the mere pronouncement of ideals and the formal declaration of principles are not sufficient of themselves. They must be applied as the rules of every day conduct. And it is with just pride that the assertion is here made that the members of no fraternity accept its fundamental principles as a guide to their daily lives more consistently than do the Elks; and that the adoption of Brother Wallen's suggestion for a wider observance of the Order's tenets would bring about the happy results he predicts.



UNDER THE Antlers

North Central Indiana Elks Hold Convention

Approximately 150 Elks from the various Lodges in the North Central District of Indiana gathered at Warsaw, Ind., recently to attend the semi-annual business sessions of the organization. A feature of the social activities of the meeting was a dance held the previous evening.

Among the officers elected at the business meeting on Sunday were Dr. R. M. Barnard, Garrett, President; F. L. Cook, Huntington, First Vice-President; C. R. Zimmerman, Warsaw, Second Vice-President, and Dr. Edward D. Sell, Fort Wayne, Third Vice-President. E. J. Ehrman, Fort Wayne, was reappointed Secretary-Treasurer. He has held the office since the organization was formed.

Initiation rites were held for three candidates, with the ritualistic work being exemplified by members of Warsaw Lodge, No. 802. A buffet lunch was served to the Elks at the noon hour.

On Saturday night 75 couples enjoyed the dance at the Lodge Home. Refreshments were served during the evening and a floor show was presented.

Prominent members of the Order who were present at the gathering included State Pres. A. Gordon Taylor, D.D., Dr. R. M. Barnard, State Vice-Pres., Glenn L. Miller, State Treas., LeRoy E. Yoder, State Trustee, R. J. Stetter and Past State Pres. O. Ray Miner. Members of the following Lodges attended: Fort Wayne, Garrett, Goshen, La Porte, Kokomo, Logansport, Huntington, Columbia City, Wabash and Warsaw.

District Deputy's Visit to Crisfield, Md., Lodge a Gala Event

The meeting of Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, on October 14, was a gala occasion, honoring P. E. R. Alfred W. Gaver, of Frederick, Md., Lodge, making his official visit to the Lodge as District Deputy for Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia. An elaborate dinner, at which the finest Tangier Sound oysters were served, preceded the meeting. Initiatory work was put on for the benefit of the distinguished visitor who congratulated the officers on the impressive manner in which it was done. The mem-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

bership welcomed the many excellent suggestions contained in the District Deputy's address.

A departure from the usual form of entertainment proved to be delightful as well as novel. Mr. Gaver was escorted by the members to several places of amusement in Crisfield after the meeting had concluded.

Elks National Home Voices Request for Books

The Elks Magazine has received word from the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., that the institution's library is in need of more books. It is suggested by Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, that subordinate Lodges ask their members to donate books, principally fiction, for which they no longer have a use. The Lodges in turn are requested to send the books to the Home.

Once before the National Home sent out a call for books and the library was augmented by a large quantity of volumes.



"Fraternal Justice," one of the murals in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, by Edwin Howland Blashfield

Exalted Ruler of Tyler, Tex., Lodge Passes Away Suddenly

The Elks of Tyler, Texas, Lodge, No. 1594, were shocked and saddened by the death of L. T. Shamburger, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who passed away suddenly on the night of October 6. Elaborate funeral services were held for Mr. Shamburger, whose vast popularity in Tyler was indicated in that the services were more widely attended than any ever held in the city.

Blashfield, Mural Painter, Dies at Eighty-five

Members of the Order throughout the nation will be saddened at the news of the recent death of Edwin Howland Blashfield, mural painter, and former President of the National Academy of Design. It was Mr. Blashfield who painted many of the distinguished murals in the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago. He was 85 years old at the time of his death.

Among the most notable of Mr. Blashfield's works were the decorations on the walls and dome of the Congressional Library in Washington. In 1893 he was commissioned to do the murals for the World's Fair in Chicago. In the Elks National Memorial Building one of Mr. Blashfield's works adorns a lunette in the west corridor, called "Fraternal Justice." A larger mural panel is called "Fraternity" and another is called "Charity." Through all the work of this master painter ran a unifying theme, American inspirationalism in terms of Greek allegory. Edwin H. Blashfield had no patience with the notion that a mural should be mainly decorative; instead he sought to stir the emotional consciousness, and in this he was preeminently successful with his work for the Order of Elks.

Results of Fall Golf Tournament at Elks National Home

Twenty-seven residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., qualified for play in the Fall Tournament which was hotly contested from start to finish. A tie resulted between Dr. George W. Hoglan, of Columbus, O., and Isadore Spiro, of St. Louis, Mo. In the play-off Dr. Hoglan won by a single stroke. John H. Burden, of Rochester, N. Y., was the winner of the third prize, and Peter J. Malott, of Columbus, O., won the fourth.

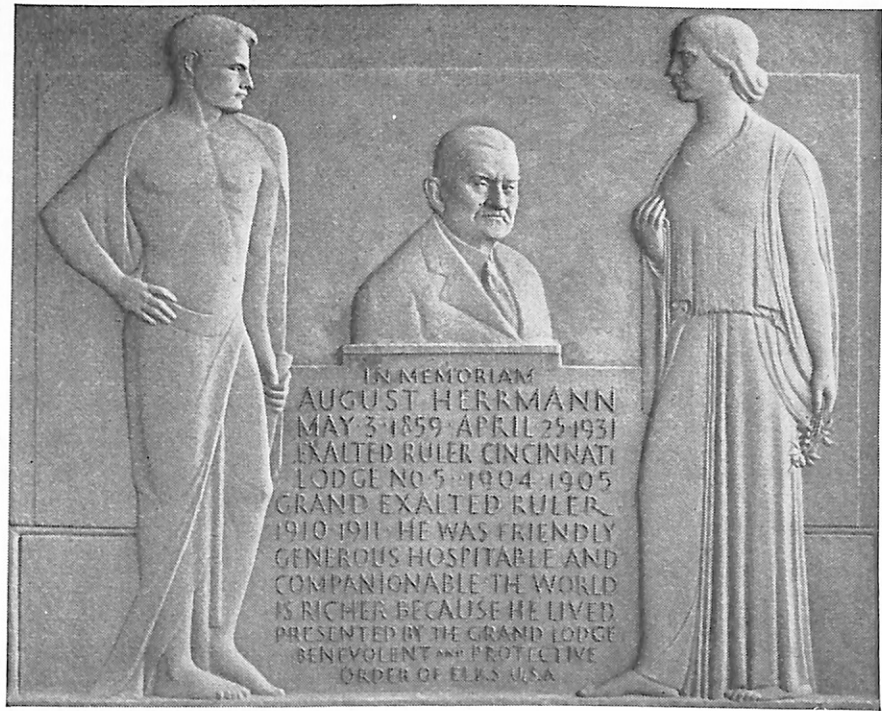
Prizes in the Tournament were given by members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, who had been recent visitors at the Home, and the Home Superintendent, Robert A. Scott. Past State Pres. Samuel H. DeHoff, of Towson, Md., Lodge, acted as Chairman of the Tournament Committee.

Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Entertains P. State Pres. William H. Kelly

Past State Pres. William H. Kelly, P.E.R., of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, was a guest of honor of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, on October 16, and acted as Exalted Ruler in the initiatory ceremonies. A large class of candidates was admitted. Mr. Kelly was assisted by E.R. Richard A. Fowler, State Pres. Arthur Scheffler, Charles Molz and Henry J. Camby, P.E.R.'s of Hoboken Lodge, and P.E.R. Frank E. Walsh, of Newark Lodge.

One of the events of the evening was the presentation by P.E.R. John J. Fallon of a framed group of life membership cards dating back over 25 years, representing the period of life membership of P.E.R. Molz. Mr. Molz has always been one of the Lodge's most active members. He has served in all the chairs and on practically every important committee, frequently acting as chairman.

The meeting was well attended. A large delegation accompanied Mr. Kelly from East Orange Lodge, and delegations came from a number of other Lodges in northern New Jersey. The evening closed with a repast and entertainment in the grill.



A memorial tablet honoring the late August Herrmann, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, which was presented to Cincinnati Elks by the Grand Lodge. Plans are under way for an elaborate dedication of the tablet

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge Participates in Fire Prevention Week

Conspicuous in promoting Fire Prevention Week was Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, with its addresses to children in different

Memorandum to Subordinate Lodge Secretaries from the Grand Exalted Ruler

It has been my belief for many years that new initiates should on the night of their initiation be given a copy of *The Elks Magazine* in addition to the other material which is now provided in accordance with our Ritual.

With this thought in mind, I discussed the matter with the Editor of *The Elks Magazine* and it has been arranged to send every Secretary a sufficient number of copies to meet with the requirements of the classes initiated during the month in every Lodge.

Therefore, if on the first of every month the subordinate Lodge Secretaries will write *The Elks Magazine* stating the number of initiates that are anticipated for the coming month, the Magazine's Circulation Department will forward the required number of copies for the purpose of distribution at the initiation ceremony.

DAVID SHOLTZ,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

schools of the city. To quicken interest and to create enthusiasm by competition as well as to get its message of fire prevention into the homes, Berkeley Lodge has been sponsoring an essay contest on the subject of fire prevention. The winner is presented with a large silken American Flag and standard to be held in trust for one year for his school. Any time a school has won the flag three times, it becomes the permanent property of that school. This year the children and teachers of Jefferson School were called into assembly, and in the presence of Mayor Edward Ament, Fire Chief George Haggerty and city, school and civic representatives, P.E.R. Louis B. Browne presented this flag to Miss Xenia Boodberg as the winner of the 1936 essay contest. The city of Berkeley has received the efforts of Berkeley Lodge in this project with great interest.

"Fall Roundup" of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge Attracts 300

The annual "Fall Roundup" of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge, No. 682, attracted more than 300 Elks to the premises. A Western atmosphere prevailed, with the club rooms decorated with bridles, saddles, chaps and wild game trophies. The main entrance was converted into a facsimile of a Western corral. Each member received a ten-gallon hat and a red bandanna.

The celebration featured a fried chicken dinner. Axel Christensen, of Chicago, who made the Tour with *The Elks Magazine* Good Will Cars, entertained.

Central EDITION

Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Entertains State Secy.-Treas. Gale

At a recent meeting known as "Gale Night" Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, honored Fournier J. Gale, E.R. of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Alabama State Elks Assn.

Prior to the meeting a dinner was held in the ballroom of the Lodge Home with Dr. H. A. Elkourie acting as Toastmaster. A floor show was staged during the meal. Among the five addresses were those by E.R. Albert Boutwell and Mr. Gale.

The committee on "Gale Night" was composed of Chairman Elkourie, P.D.D. Harry W. English, P.E.R.'s John W. O'Neill, Dr. Irving Silverman, Ben Mendelsohn, J. B. Smiley, J. W. Perkins and R. M. Montgomery, and R. L. Sims. During the evening 18 candidates were initiated into the Order.

Death of Past State President Walser Grieves Iowa Elks

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, mourns the recent death of Dr. J. A. Walser, P.E.R., who passed away at Deaconess Hospital on his 55th birthday, October 26.

Dr. Walser joined Marshalltown Lodge in 1913 and from then on was an active and deeply respected member. He served through all the chairs of office and at the time of his death was a member of the Board of Trustees. He was also greatly interested in the work of the Iowa State Elks Association, being a Past Vice-President and Past Trustee of that organization. He was a Past District Deputy.

Funeral services were attended by members of the Lodge in a body. The Elks' services were held in the Lodge Home and the Lodge was in charge of the burial service at the grave in Riverside Cemetery. Among those present were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Clyde E. Jones, State Pres. Henry Cook, State Secy. Dr. Jesse Ward, State Trustee Henry Louis, D.D. Robert Hardin; P.D.D. S. A. Martin, and Past State Presidents John H. Gibson and B. B. Hunter.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Thirtieth Anniversary

Observance of the 30th Anniversary of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, was held recently in the Lodge Home. Among the 400 Elks present were Grand Lodge and State Association officers, charter members, neighboring Lodge officers and members, and many local Elks. The evening's festivities were opened by E. R. Russell F. Robinson who presided at a business session at which charter members were honored with a huge birthday cake. Edward De Briac, 93 years old, officiated at the cutting of the cake. P.D.D. Abe Ottenheimer acted as spokesman.

Among the distinguished Elks in attendance were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Florence J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, State Pres. A. Gordon Taylor and State Chaplain the Rev. W. Edward Hoffenbacher. D.D. John L. J. Miller headed the reception committee.

Following the business meeting the assemblage adjourned to the club rooms where an entertainment and refreshments were provided.

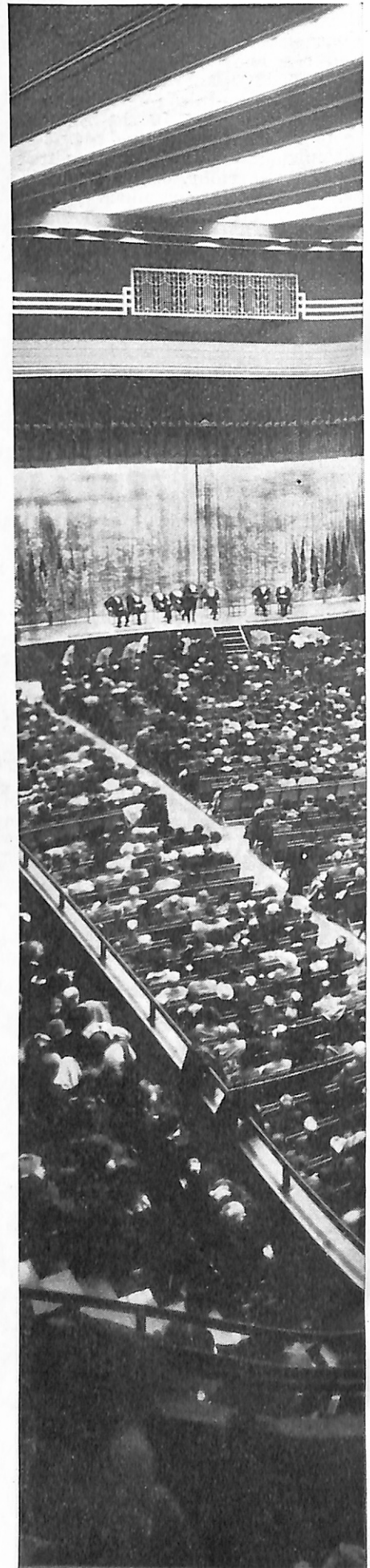
Bay City, Mich., Elks Hear G-Man, Initiate Class

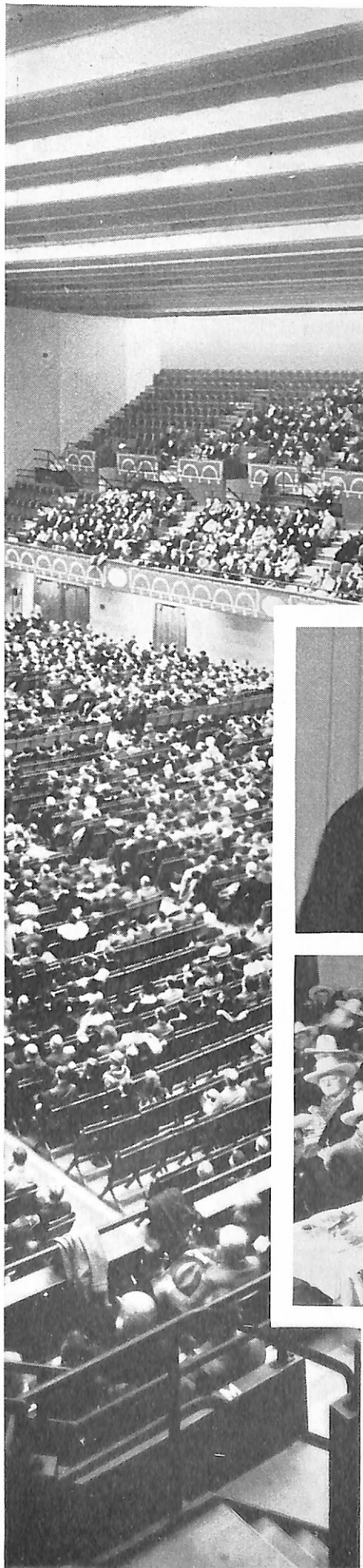
An audience of 250 members and guests of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, at a recent meeting heard Harold H. Reinecke, of Detroit, head of the Michigan division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, present a comprehensive explanation of the work of the nation's G-men. Touching only the highlights of the Department of Justice agents, Mr. Reinecke spoke in rapid-fire fashion for 45 minutes, dwelling briefly on his personal association with Dillinger, the Urschel kidnaping, the Barker-Karpis and other cases.

Mr. Reinecke was introduced by P.E.R. Hubert J. Gaffney. Tributes to deceased members of the Lodge

**This Section Contains
Additional News of
Central Lodges**

Right and on opposite page: part of the huge crowd which attended the Golden Jubilee Celebration of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge





were given by A. W. Black and P.E.R. James E. Davidson, respectively.

The evening's initiation of 21 candidates marked the formal debut of the Bay City Lodge's Chanters' club which performed the ritualistic work of the Order.

National Essay Contest Winner Receives Check

Robert Ice, of Topeka, Kans., a student of the Topeka High School, recently received a \$300 check, a second prize which was won by his essay on "Will Rogers—His Place and Influence in American Life" in the contest sponsored by the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The check was presented to Mr. Ice by Senator Arthur Capper, a charter member of Topeka Lodge, and a friend of Will Rogers.

The State's senior Senator told a number of amusing anecdotes of his friendship with Mr. Rogers, including the story of a "share the

another prominent member of the Lodge, Alf F. Williams, former U. S. District Attorney, introduced by E.R. W. O. Lyman.

Northwest District of Wisconsin Holds Clinic

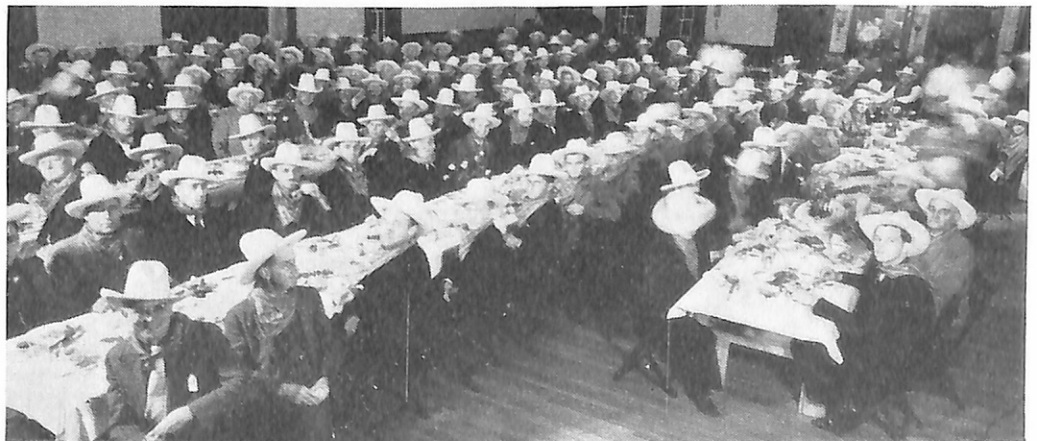
A clinic for the benefit of the crippled children of the Northwest District of Wisconsin was held at Ashland, Wis., October 10, under the direction of the Crippled Children's Division of the State. Eighty-six children received services.

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, furnished transportation for children and their parents to the clinic. They were accompanied by A. W. Holland, Chairman of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee.

Illinois State Elks Mourn Past President Welch

The death of Past State Pres. Eugene W. Welch, P.E.R., of Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, which oc-

Below: Robert Ice, of Topeka, Kans., receiving from Senator Arthur Capper the Elks National Foundation award for second prize in the National Essay Contest



Above: Those who attended the "Fall Roundup" of Jacksonville, Ill., Lodge

wealth" debate staged in the Senate dining room between the nationally beloved humorist and the late Senator Huey Long. The Louisiana Kingfish walked uninvited into a dinner given by Mr. Capper for Mr. Rogers, drew up a chair and started to argue with the guest of honor.

Senator Capper was presented by

curred on October 3 at Pomona, Calif., brought to a close the life of one of the Illinois State Elks Association's most beloved figures.

Mr. Welch was born in 1852 in LaSalle, Ill., and came to Galesburg early in his career. He was long identified with the local branch of the Order. Funeral services were conducted at the Lodge Home.

Visits of The Grand Exalted Ruler



Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz leaving the streamlined "City of Denver" on his visit to North Platte, Neb., Lodge with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight H. B. Brewer, State President G. T. Tou Velle, and others who met him.

Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz spent his fifth consecutive birthday, on October 6, as the guest of Panama City Lodge, No. 1598. The program started at 4 P. M. with public flag raising ceremonies on the green lawns. Governor Sholtz was introduced by P.E.R. J. G. Mathis, and after his stirring speech officers from the destroyer, the U.S.S. *Barry*, fired a salute. At dusk the local Elks and those who had come from all over Florida enjoyed a fish fry and barbecue served in the open. At 7:30 a meeting was held in the Home at which a special "David Sholtz Class" was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler was the chief presiding officer. Twenty members of the class were citizens of Panama City and seven were from Pensacola.

An enormous birthday cake with 45 candles was placed on the Grand Exalted Ruler's table at dinner. Governor Sholtz was presented by W. A. Look with a handsome pig-skin traveling bag embossed with the gold seal of the Order. F. A. Black then presented him with a special Elks' edition of a local newspaper as a memento, every page of which contained expressions of friendship and good will. Among

the speakers, besides Governor Sholtz, were Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's secretary, J. P. Newell, Fort Pierce Lodge.

Automobiles loaded with Elks from every section of Georgia crowded the plaza of Terminal Station in Atlanta Tuesday morning, October 13, to welcome Governor Sholtz who had come to install, in nearby Decatur, the first Lodge to be received into the Order since he became Grand Exalted Ruler. Accompanied by Mr. Hale, who was traveling with him to Lodges in the various States, and another prominent Florida Elk, Judge George O. Weems, of Tallahassee. Governor Sholtz stepped from the train to be greeted by the Elks' reception party, headed by E.R. Frank M. Robertson, of Atlanta Lodge, Dr. S. L. Threadgill, of Decatur, and members of the Decatur Post of the American Legion. They were escorted to an automobile which headed the parade to headquarters in the Candler Hotel in Decatur. There the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a breakfast given by the Legionnaires.



A variety of entertainment was provided throughout the morning, and at a noon luncheon Governor Sholtz spoke before the Decatur Civitan Club.

At 6 P. M. T. J. Woods of the Candler Hotel gave a formal dinner for the Grand Exalted Ruler and about a hundred leading Georgia and Alabama Elks. Toastmaster John S. McClelland, of Atlanta Lodge, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, introduced Governor Sholtz, who spoke to the diners.

At the meeting Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, was duly instituted, and the officers installed. Dr. S. L. Threadgill is the new Lodge's first Exalted Ruler and E. H. Chambers its first Secretary. The first class initiated numbered 89 members. The floor work was put on by the officers of Atlanta Lodge. In

addition to Governor Sholtz, Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia was one of the speakers. A fine lunch was served. Clarence M. Tardy, Pres. of the Alabama State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Harry W. English were members of the Birmingham delegation who were present. Others participating were Mayor Scott Candler, of Decatur, Sheriff Jake Hall of DeKalb County, and Congressman Robert Ramspeck.

AFTER attending the 60th Anniversary Celebration of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, of Chicago, Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, of Grand Rapids Lodge, and P.E.R. Joseph M. Leonard, of Saginaw Lodge, D.D. for Michigan East, journeyed to Detroit Lodge, No. 34, on Tuesday, October 20. E.R. Leon D. Barlow headed the welcoming delegation. At the banquet held that evening James A. Kier, the oldest

members of Pontiac Lodge, No. 810, stopping en route to pay a visit to Royal Oak Lodge, No. 1523. Over 200 Pontiac members turned out for the luncheon at their Lodge Home, giving Governor Sholtz and his traveling companions a rousing reception. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke briefly to the gathering and then left at 2 P. M. for Flint, Mich.

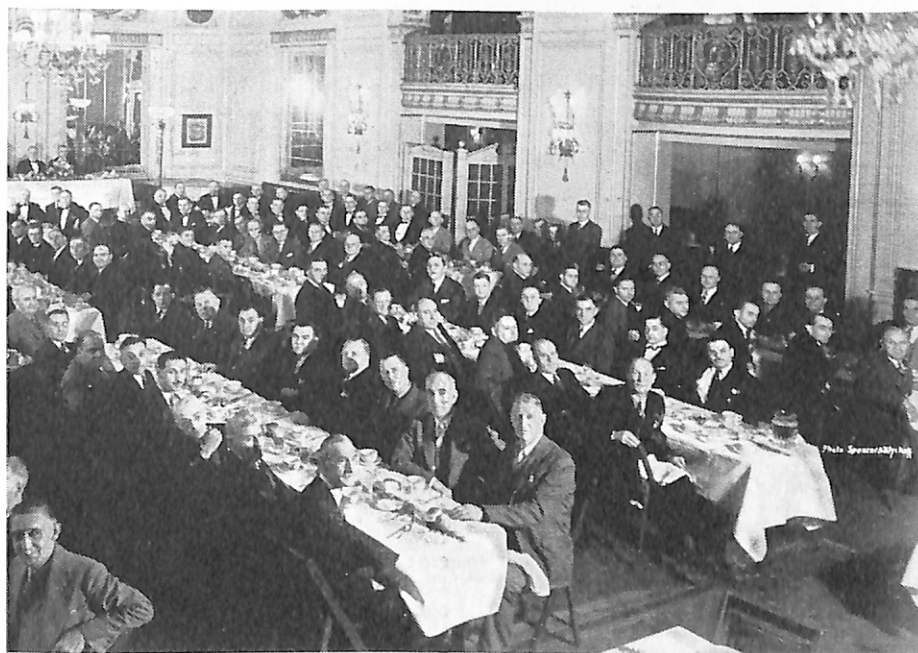
Gov. Sholtz and his party arrived in Flint on the afternoon of October 21, and they were met at the city limits by the committee, headed by Mayor George E. Boysen, chosen to greet them. Practically all the civic leaders of Flint are members of the Order, and they turned out to give the Grand Exalted Ruler a splendid welcome. A reception was held in the Home of Flint Lodge, No. 222, at 5:30, attended by the officers of the Lodge, P.D.D. Paul E. Phillips, P.E.R., and delegates from Pontiac, Fort Huron, Saginaw, Owosso, Bay City and Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodges. P.E.R. Henry Cook was

General Chairman.

Gov. Sholtz, introduced by Toastmaster C. J. Lynch, was the main speaker at the banquet, and also at the evening meeting when initiation ceremonies were held for a special class of 20 candidates. An orchestra and the Elks Quartet furnished entertainment. A buffet supper and social session followed the formal meeting.

THE three-day celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, was climaxed on Thursday, October 22, by the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler accompanied by Grand Secretary Masters, and Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo. The Grand Lodge officers were guests and Governor Sholtz the speaker at the Rotary Club luncheon held at noon in the Pantlind Hotel. At 3 P. M. the Grand Exalted Ruler held a meeting with over 70 Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and many other representatives of Michigan Lodges in the Lodge Home. On the long list of dignitaries present were State officers, Past District Deputies and present and past officers of the following Lodges: Battle Creek, Bay City, Benton Harbor, Big Rapids, Cadillac, Detroit, Dowagiac, Flint, Grand Haven, Grand Rapids, Hillsdale, Ionia, Kalamazoo, Manistee, Mount Pleasant, Muskegon, Negaunee, Saginaw, Sault Ste. Marie, South Haven and Traverse City, Mich., and Toledo, Ohio. The District Deputy for Michigan East, Joseph M. Leonard, of Saginaw Lodge, acted as Chairman of the meeting and introduced the various Grand Lodge officers. D.D.'s William T. Evans, of Muskegon Lodge, and C. J. Howe, of Hillsdale Lodge, were present from the West and Central Districts respectively. At 6:30 the Grand Rapids officers were hosts at a formal dinner for the distinguished visitors.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced (Continued on page 54)



Above and on opposite page, those who attended the banquet for Governor Sholtz given by Detroit, Mich., Lodge.

Past Exalted Ruler of Detroit Lodge, was introduced and given a seat at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table. Governor Sholtz spoke briefly but made his principal address following the initiation of 25 candidates. All the Lodges in the Eastern District of Michigan sent representatives. P.D.D. Ward E. Fulcher and State Vice-Pres. Thomas P. Gillotte, both of Pontiac Lodge, were among those present. P.E.R. Irvine J. Unger was General Chairman in charge of the reception.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were joined on Wednesday morning by Mr. Unger and Inner Guard Edward Morgan, of Grand Rapids Lodge, and with police escort left Detroit at 10 A. M. for a noon luncheon engagement with the



Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Governor Ed C. Johnson, of Colorado, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Lloyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esquire Joseph P. Shevlin and Caspian Hale, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, during their meeting at Denver, Colo., Lodge.



The handsome Home of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, from which a notable delegation attended the State Convention at Oakland

News of the State Associations

California

Thirty-five hundred Grand Lodge officers, State officers, delegates, alternates, members and ladies attended the 22nd Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association in Oakland Sept. 24-25-26. The Convention was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz who held a conference with the District Deputies of California, Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Utah and Nevada in the Home of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, and took a prominent part in the business and social functions on the Convention program.

Contests participated in by the Lodges are important events at every California State meeting. This year was no exception. The Bowling Contests were held in the basement of the Oakland Lodge Home. The Golf Tournament took place at the Oak Knoll Country Club, the Pistol Shooting Contest on the Veterans of Foreign Wars Pistol Range, and the Ritualistic and Glee Club Contests in the Oakland Lodge room. Bands

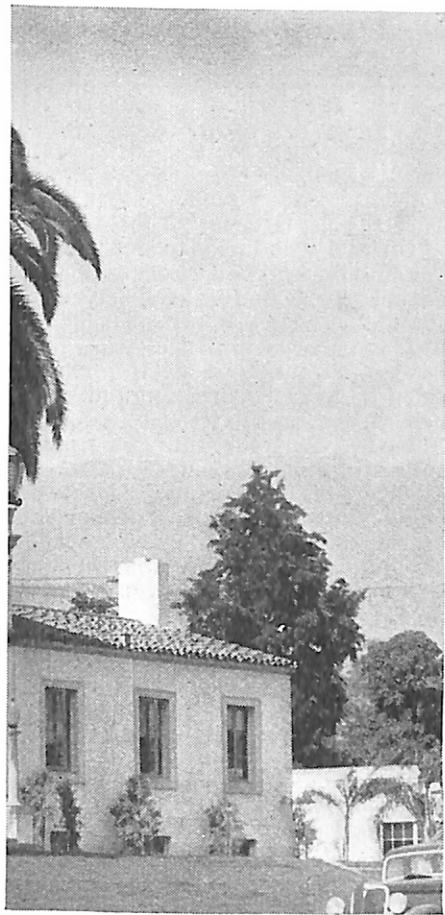
competed at Lakeside Park on Lake Merritt, Drill Teams in the Arena of the Municipal Auditorium, and Drum and Bugle Corps at East Shore Park. A spectacular fireworks display on Lake Merritt attracted hundreds, and the Annual Hi-Jinks crowded the Municipal Auditorium Theatre where it was held through the courtesy of the Oakland City Council. Card parties and teas for the ladies and dancing each evening were among the many popular amusement features. The Grand Ball, held in the ball room of the Lodge Home, was a beautifully planned and executed affair. The Ball is an annual one honoring the newly elected State President, and is the closing event of the Convention.

The opening business session was called to order on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 10 A.M. by Pres. George M. Smith, of San Jose Lodge, who introduced the State officers and the following Past State Presidents: L. E. Chenoweth, Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Ab-

bott, James M. Shanly, John D. Saxe, Richard C. Benbough, Howard B. Kirtland, Mifflin G. Potts, John J. Lermen, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Fred B. Mellmann, Horace S. Williamson, F. E. Dayton, Horace H. Quinby, J. Thomas Crowe and Milton R. Standish. E. R. Joseph A. Cianciarulo of Oakland Lodge addressed the officers and delegates and welcomed them to the Convention and the city of Oakland. Reports were received from the Board of Trustees, the Vice-Presidents of the six districts, and several of the standing Committees. Memorial services were then held with Past Pres. Standish acting as Chairman.

The Annual Ritualistic Contest on that day resulted as follows: Bakersfield Lodge, 98.6621; San Diego Lodge, 98.5846; Pasadena Lodge, 97.9555; Salinas Lodge, 97.5559; San Francisco Lodge, 97.5293. Bakersfield Lodge won the State Association Cup and \$100, San Diego Lodge the James M. Shanly Cup and \$50, and Pasadena Lodge the M. E. Hoerlin Cup. A banquet and a ball at the Lodge Home followed the fireworks in the evening, with an attendance of about 500.

On Friday morning Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz arrived and was met at the depot by Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott of San Francisco and Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles; Grand Esteemed



Leading Knight Mellmann, and E. R. Cianciarulo and many other officers and members, who escorted him to the Oakland Lodge Home. All Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and officers of the different Lodges had breakfast together in one group, the Secretaries formed another, the Social and Community Welfare Committee formed another one, and the Past Presidents had a breakfast meeting. These were joined by Gov. Sholtz and the Grand Lodge officers. Each Past President made a short speech of welcome and the Grand Exalted Ruler thanked all present for the work they were doing for the Order in California.

At the second business session on Friday morning C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, made his report for the Big Brother Committee. The reports submitted by other State Committees showed that all were doing good work. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott gave an interesting talk, touching on the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, and the condition of law and order in jurisdictions of various Lodges. The business session and the Grand Exalted Ruler's District Deputy Conference were held simultaneously.

About 1,000 Elks and their ladies took advantage of the opportunity provided in the afternoon to visit points of interest on San Francisco Bay. A large ferry boat passed under the new San Francisco-Oakland Bridge, which was opened last

month, and proceeded down the water front and out to the ocean, passing also under the new Golden Gate Bridge now under construction. The return trip was made past the Marin and Alameda County shores. Previous to the Hi-Jinks in the evening, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Abbott and Shannon, together with the officers of Oakland Lodge, their ladies, and many visiting State officers, were guests of Mr. Mellmann at dinner at the Oakland Lodge Home. A ball for visiting Elks was held at the Home after the Jinks.

Friday was also the day for the Glee Clubs to compete in the annual contest. The Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge, under the direction of J. Arthur Lewis, won first place. The Glee Club of Berkeley Lodge was awarded second honors.

On Saturday morning the following contests were held or completed, resulting as follows: Band, Class A,

spired his listeners with his fervor.

The Convention voted to meet in Pasadena on October 7-8-9 in 1937. The officers who were elected and installed at the final session are: Pres., L. A. Lewis, Anaheim; District Vice-Pres.'s: North, W. J. Shaltz, Chico; Bay, Edmund Horwinski, Oakland; W. Cent., M. N. Watters, Watsonville; E. Cent., Benjamin F. Lewis, Fresno; S. Cent., Glenn W. Dorsett, Pasadena; South, Lee Nuffer, El Centro; Trustees, 2-year term: North, Fred Misphey, Sacramento; E. Cent., Frank H. Pratt, Porterville; South, Morley H. Golden, San Diego; Secy. (re-elected), Richard C. Benbough, San Diego; Treas., E. M. Porter, San Jose. The officers who were appointed are: Chaplain (reappointed), the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, Los Gatos (San Jose Lodge); Tiler (reappointed), Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lloyd Leedom, of Long Beach Lodge.



The Richmond, Calif., Lodge "Gutter Band," Class B winners at the State Convention in Oakland this year and also winners in 1934 at Sacramento

won by Los Angeles Lodge, Class B, Richmond Lodge; Drum and Bugle Corps, Anaheim Lodge first, Long Beach Lodge second; Drill Teams: Huntington Park and Sacramento Lodges tied for first place, dividing first and second prizes; Pistol Shoot, Huntington Park Lodge, first prize; Mark Wheeler, of Los Angeles Lodge, winner of the individual pistol championship with a score of 1,127 out of a possible 1,200; Bowling, 875 Class, Monrovia Lodge first; 825 Class, San Mateo Lodge first; Golf, winning team, Long Beach Lodge; Low Gross, Richard Russell of Huntington Park Lodge.

The closing business session opened at 10 A.M. After a hearty welcome from State Pres. Smith and the large number of Elks assembled, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the rostrum by the Los Angeles Lodge Drill Team and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Abbott and Shannon. The District Deputies of the States heretofore mentioned were introduced at this meeting. Mr. Shannon gave a strong talk which was given a rising ovation, and then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Gov. Sholtz's address on this occasion delighted and in-

Nevada

At the annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association held in Tonopah Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 24-25-26, W. C. Draper, P.E.R., of Ely, Nev., Lodge, was unanimously elected President. The following officers were elected to serve with him: Vice-Pres., T. L. Withers, Reno Lodge; Secy., Lawrence J. Allen, Ely Lodge; Trustees, Herman D. Budelman, Tonopah Lodge, and Frank Gusewelle, Las Vegas Lodge. The 1937 Convention will be held in Ely.

The Association was honored by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, representing Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. Mr. Meier spoke at the business meetings and at the Friday evening meeting when a class of 28 candidates was initiated. The class paraded up and down the main streets, lined with hundreds of people, before being taken to the Lodge meeting for the ceremonies. The new Elks were welcomed into the Order by Mr. Meier and by retiring State Pres. Dr. J. C. Cherry, of Goldfield Lodge. P.D.D. Harley A. Harmon, of Las

(Continued on page 56)

Trigger Finger

(Continued from page 7)

Hank took a generous chew of tobacco and motioned John to the folding camp-chair in the bow.

A tired, scrawny woman, in a blue sunbonnet, holding a baby on her hip, watched their preparations with stolid indifference.

As the boat swung away from the bank, the jovial man waved goodbye from his wagon.

Hank dipped his paddle with a dexterous flirt, heading the boat towards mid-stream, and called casually to the woman who had not moved.

"Sarah, you make Ed feed the hog. I'll be back in a week, if nothin' happens."

They caught the current and moved on the black shadow of the railroad bridge. A curling wave smacked the boat's flat bottom with a "plop" and they sprinted into the white water of the rapids, missing submerged rocks and destruction by the thickness of Hank's inspired paddle.

John sat lost in thought. "Sarah. That was odd. That awkward, tired looking woman with the same name as the blue-eyed Sarah. Wonder if she is still alive? I could find out. Hank has lived around here all his life; he will probably know. I must be careful. Let him do the talking. Never let him suspect that I am a native. Just a city man on a vacation."

He turned to look back over his shoulder. The sun-dappled town had gone into total eclipse behind a low, willow-topped island.

The boat veered again, around a sharp bend, into smoother water. John picked up the bait-casting rod. The wooden minnow dropped four inches from the shore line, came spinning up to a drift log, gave a deft flip to clear the log and settled again for its run of forty feet to the boat.

Hank watched the cast with veiled eyes. Here was one city feller who knew enough to cast close to shore for bass. "Fished out along here close to town. Waste of time," drawled Hank, who wasted neither time nor words.

John replaced the rod on the cross-board and relaxed to the murmuring swish of Hank's paddle.

Across the boat's bow moved a panorama of familiar scenes which evoked memories long suppressed. Even the sounds from shore brought reminders of the simple years.

A water moccasin, his sunny siesta interrupted by their approach, dropped from the low-hanging branches of a willow with a loud "plop".

"Frawg," said Hank in his reassuring drawl. John remembered he



was a city feller who might be afraid of snakes.

The word brought memories of twitching white legs in frying grease. "Many frogs around here?" he asked naively.

"Lots," said Hank. "We'll have a mess of frawg legs afore we git back."

John's eyes drifted to the water's edge where dozens of frogs sat with their white throats shining. To Johnnie Spalding, Ozark born, these were merely maple leaves, drifted against the bank, their silvery undersides simulating the grey-white throats of frogs. His eyes still following the shore line ahead of the boat focused on a leaf that was too obviously a leaf. He spoke softly and reached for the rifle. Hank's paddle bit deep in a gurgling backward sweep. The heavy-laden boat checked slowly. John fired.

"You got 'im!" Hank's tone was edged with admiration and a thin note of puzzled mystery. Plunging a sun-browned arm elbow-stringy, deep in the water, he pitched the greenbacked bullfrog into the boat at his feet. Blood oozed from a hole squarely through the head.

"Mighty purty shot from a movin' boat," said Hank. "Takes a good eye to spot 'em agin that bank with all them maple leaves. Most city folks can't even see 'em after I p'int 'em out." His heavy-lidded eyes seemed to be concerned with a problem, the solution of which escaped him.

"My first mistake," thought John, alarmed "I must not forget I am an outsider. I've got to keep Hank believing I'm a city fellow."

As the long afternoon brought a steady procession of changing shore line, John cannily planted his alibis. Half a dozen times the sharp bark of his rifle cut the brooding silence and each time a maple leaf jumped in surprise.

"Guess I was lucky to get that one frog," John laughed ruefully.

Hank spat deliberately over the side of the boat.

"Them leaves air lucky they ain't frawgs, or we'd be eatin' 'em fer supper. Every one plugged right through the middle!"

"I—I do a lot of target practicing," said John. "Hand me that box of catterges." He wanted to bite his tongue for using the Ozark word for cartridges. It was his most serious slip, but if Hank noticed it he gave no sign, as he tossed the box forward.

"Here's where we camp. Good spring," said Hank. He nodded at the formidable grey wall opposite, evidently deciding to make a concession to his position as a paid guide. "Virgin Bluff. No turnin' back now. Can't paddle against them rapids. Eighteen miles to the nearest house or road that way." He turned to face the sinking sun. "'Bout forty that way." Having exhausted his professional conversation, he began to unload the boat and methodically organize camp.

John was lost in a conflict between two distinct personalities. An indefinable uneasiness marched at his elbow, refusing to take recognizable form. It was a primitive instinct which the civilized John Sparks refused to accept. But Johnnie Spalding, struggling under years of civilization's veneer, vaguely, persistently sensed a warning of danger as truly as he sensed the impenetrable wall between himself and Hank. It was a wall invisible, mysterious, born of unseen forces, yet as solid as the grey face of Virgin Bluff.

"Psychic nonsense," argued the skeptical John Sparks, as he stooped to pick up a ragged, sweat-stained envelope lying in a splash of blood from the dead frog. It was folded through the center, the upper portion bearing the name of a mail order house. "Probably Hank's," he thought as he turned it over. Fear ran over him like an icy wave, freezing him into immobility.

Through the smear of blood he read the name—Henry Fleming Willitson—and through that, and years beyond, he saw "Flem" Willitson, in a pool of blood—his head cradled in the lap of a weeping Sarah.

The steady stroke of Hank's ax, chopping firewood in the forest, came like ghostly rappings.

It had to be true. Numberless little characteristics came crowding back. Like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle they dropped into the pattern; no longer meaningless, now that the key picture had been discovered in a sweat-stained envelope. Even the

Any bird can see



what's going on—but

it's a rare bird that can tell it all to you, quickly and clearly, and make you *remember* it.

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TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine



Trigger Finger

(Continued from page 38)

picture of the drab woman stolidly watching their departure fitted in. "That was Sarah. Sarah, of the once proud head and disdainful eyes. Twenty-two years."

Conviction that Flem still lived flooded John's heart like a shaft of sunlight flooding a dank and musty room. The dull blow of Hank's ax came from no ghostly hand. That was Flem sending out a message which beat into John's brain. **ALIVE!**

A shadow lifted from his soul and went soaring away. He even watched it go, sliding across the white gravel; a black silhouette in the form of a gigantic bird. He threw back his head to shout—"Flem! This is Johnnie! Johnnie Spalding!"—but the impulse died in his throat. The black shadow circled and was coming back. It passed over his upturned face and continued on; a huge buzzard heading for its nest on Virgin Bluff. In the silence of its passing he heard the voice of Abner Holt: "Them Willitsons air pizen. They'll git you sooner or later—" The code of the hills. Blood for blood, life for a life.

John remembered now, and remembering, was aware that Flem Willitson, alive, had become a new and greater menace than Flem Willitson—dead, and only a haunting memory.

JOHNS sat with the rifle across his knees. Hank dropped the armload of firewood and drove the shining blade of the ax into the end of a log. "Lookin' fer somethin' to shoot at?"

John gave a start, searching Hank's face for hidden meaning. "Has he guessed? Does he feel there is something between us?" But Hank's face was guileless.

"I was just cleaning the gun—" He stopped abruptly, on the point of adding, "Flem."

"Oh, by the way," he tried to make his voice casual, "I found this in the boat. It's addressed to a Henry Fleming Willitson." He held out the envelope and Hank took it.

"Hit's mine. Much obliged." Hank was shoving it carelessly into a pocket.

Opportunity was slipping away, and John grabbed for its coat-tails. "I must be mixed up on your name. I understood it as Hank Willson."

"Folks around here call me Hank Willson, but hit's spelled Willitson. Full name Henry Fleming Willitson."

John's hand tightened convulsively around the barrel of the rifle.

Hank busied himself with the evening meal, seemingly absorbed in his

activity. John, his mind grappling with the developments of the last hour, sat staring at the grey face of Virgin Bluff as if it were a movie screen against which his jumbled mental pictures swiftly unreeled. No words passed between them until Hank called, "Grub's ready. Pull up a chair and pitch in."

John felt he couldn't swallow a bite of food, and was surprised to find himself eating heartily. "Like a condemned man at his last meal," he thought, and was angry at the disturbing simile.

"You eat them frawg laigs," said Hank.

"We'll divide them."

"No, I get 'em regular. Ain't no treat to me. You go ahead. Be a long time afore you get the chance agin." Hank took a deep draft of coffee from his tin cup, wiped his moustache, and added, "After this trip's finished."

Twilight, forerunner of night, slipped through the trees and surrounded them. The sycamores, at the edge of the gravel bar, stood out like ghostly sentinels, their white robes showing patches of orange reflection from the flickering fire.

Hank washed the dishes at the river's edge and night, black-frocked, followed him back to the camp. He squatted on his heels in front of the fire, and lit a cob pipe with a glowing ember. John sat across from him watching the flickering flames play over Hank's inscrutable features.

A stinging pellet struck the back of John's neck like a bean shot from a bean-shooter. Startled, he wheeled to face the dark, momentarily. He turned back in time to see Hank, with one swift movement, rise to his feet, reach for the ax and start forward, his face grim.

"At last he knows—" John kicked over the camp chair and backed into the darkness, slipping the safety catch on his rifle. Hank grabbed a bucket of water and threw it on the fire. The flames died in hissing protest. Hank scattered the smoking logs with his ax; sparks flew like

tiny meteors.

The explanation occurred to John as he backed behind a tree. "An ax is more effective than a rifle in the dark."

Hank's activity ceased. Darkness and silence, broken only by the gurgling river and the night sounds of the woods, lay thick about them.

"Where air you at?" Hank's voice came out of the blackness to the left of the few glowing embers of the fire. John was not to be so easily trapped. Scarcely breathing, he listened for footsteps on the gravel. No sounds came. Then he remembered Hank's rubber-soled shoes. From out of the darkness came a sudden laugh, and the very casualness of it sent a shiver up John's spine. But what was Hank saying?

"Guess I skeered you. Them danged willer flies begin to come in, an' I had to put the fire out afore they did."

"Of course," thought John, leaning against the tree, relieved. "Why did my memory fail me?" He was angry at the absurdity of his fear.

"Willow flies?"

"Come here, I'll show you somethin'. They jest fly over the water unless there's a fire to draw 'em."

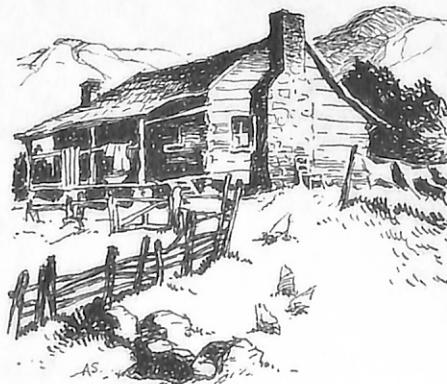
John's eyes were becoming accustomed to the starlit darkness, and objects were becoming visible as blobs of shapeless shadow. He moved towards the blob that was Hank. At the edge of the water he could vaguely see one of Nature's miracles. Millions of large snowflakes flying back and forth, up and down, weaving in a mad dizzy whirl over the surface of the river. Hank spoke:

"We don't know where they come f'om or where they go to. They'll fly right up to the land, but never over it, 'less they's a fire to draw 'em. I seen 'em put out a roarin' fire in five minutes. Wait, I'll show you." He disappeared and returned with some crumpled paper from the supply box. He touched the paper with a match and ran headlong out of the spreading circle of light. A white snowstorm descended, as if propelled by a howling gust of winter wind, the flakes hissing as they hit the fire. The whirl of death increased in a mad fury and the flames disappeared, leaving behind a pungent odor.

"Kinda like some folks," said Hank reflectively. "They'll fly right into danger with their eyes wide open. No more lights or fires to-night. We might as well turn in. Have to feel our way in the dark."

The crowding sides of the tent closed in on them, shutting out the

(Continued on page 46)



When Doctors "Feel Rotten" —This Is What They Do!



ARTIE MCGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 yrs. Today, at 44, he is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

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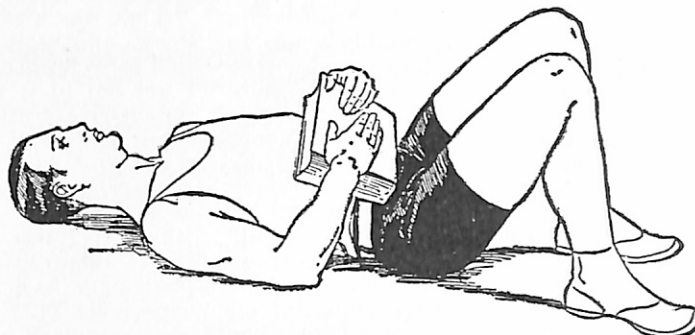
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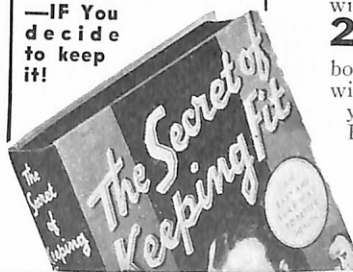
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Imagination . . .

(Continued from page 21)

hundred and ninety-five miles in four hours over the muddy roads in this hill country. Those people were clean by a good five hours, and here I was making a damned fool of myself because that kid talked about something that didn't make sense any way you looked at it.

"Anything wrong?" Chub said.

"No," I said. Up the street I could see Henry Wells' old car churning through the mud with the side curtains flapping and water spinning off the wheels. "When a man shows you his hole card, Chub," I said, "and you still don't know what he's holding it's time to quit. I guess I'm getting old. . . . Hey, Henry. . . ."

Henry Wells put on the brakes and herded his car in as close to the curb as he could without getting stuck in the gutter. I jumped across a puddle at the curb and waded out through the mud and got in.

"Henry," I said, "do you have any thoughts about the fact that it's raining?"

"I just came in from the farm," Henry said. "What I think about it isn't fit to print. It came just three months too late for the farmers."

"That's what I think," I said. "I merely wanted to check up on my intelligence. It seems to be still normal. You can take me home, Henry."

I went over to Ross later in the week after the roads had dried out a little. That's over in Patterson County, and out of my jurisdiction, of course, but Miller, the sheriff there, is a friend of mine, and the job over there sounded as though it had been done by the same parties that did the two jobs in my county. I thought maybe that between us we might be able to come to some conclusions that might be helpful.



That was a pretty forlorn hope, I knew, and as it turned out I might just as well have stayed at home. All I got out of it was a four-hundred-mile drive over some very rough road; and some useless information that I could have collected by asking a few questions in Benito. That was in connection with the party from Illinois. I wasn't sure at the time why I inquired about them, and the knowledge I elicited was just what I expected. They were from Chicago, and were making a tour of the section inspecting mines with a view to development. They were apparently circumspect and respectable. They had taken an option on some property, had hired an engineer to take samples for assay, and to estimate the amount of ore blocked out for immediate production; and had made plans for the installation of a mill. The construction was to start in the Spring. It sounded like a fine thing for the town, but it certainly didn't help me any as far as the investigation of the robberies was concerned.

That left me with just one person to consider, and that one person was Troy Michaels. His actions didn't do anything to allay any of the suspicions I may have had, and from all outward appearances his affections were just about as stable as his conversation. He hadn't tried to see Sue, and it wasn't over a week later I began seeing him with Lou Ann Gage. That looked like a matter of combining business with pleasure, because Lou Ann's father is president of the Benito National, and Lou Ann works at the bank. And if young Michaels needed an excuse for hanging around the building he certainly had it there. I saw him in there every day for a week, before noon usually, talking to Lou Gage and taking her to lunch when she was through work.

I stopped him on the street one afternoon. "I wouldn't imply anything," I said, "but it seems to me you're taking a very active interest in one of our public institutions. Not that Lou Ann isn't a nice looking girl, but it seems like too good a set-up to be coincidence."

He got that far-away look in his eyes and said, "Contacts are necessary to the success of any enterprise."

"I'll grant you that," I said. "Only don't you think there's such a thing as overplaying a hand?"

"Not if you have the right cards. Some day, Sheriff," he said, "I'll surprise you."

I said, "No you won't, son. Nothing you'd ever do would surprise me. You go ahead and have your fun, and bury your own dead."

That was the year we had so much rain in the Fall. Not that the amount

of precipitation itself was so unusual, but most years in late Autumn it comes down in the form of snow. But that year it rained.

And it did keep on. It was coming down in that steady determined fall when I went home, and that night when I went to sleep I could hear it on the roof, and splashing off the eaves on the ground.

It had stopped by morning though. The sky was still heavy, but the rain had stopped. I was glad of that because I had a trip to make in the country, and the roads would be bad enough as they were without any more rain to contend with. I ate breakfast and put my slicker on and started down town for my car.

It was still early. A whole lot earlier than I usually made it down town. About six-thirty I suppose; and it surprised me that anyone was on the street at all. But just as I got to Johnson's garage I heard a horn inside, and stopped, and that big red sedan pulled across the walk in front of me. The big man wearing the derby hat was at the wheel. There was a man beside him in the front, and another man and the woman in the back. They stopped just across the walk while the boy cleaned the windshield.

"You picked a bad day for traveling," I said.

"It is pretty bad," the big man said.

"Going far?"

"Venida," he said. "It's a bad day, but I have an appointment there at five o'clock this afternoon. I was going to postpone it but the roads won't dry up this kind of weather and I can't afford to lose too much time. I guess we'll make it."

"You can make it all right," I said, "but it's an awful trip."



The boy had finished polishing the windshield. The man in the derby gave him a dime and pulled the car on across the walk in the street. I stood and watched them go away churning through the mud. I started on into the garage and as I passed the inner office door somebody yelled, "Hey, Sheriff."

I turned around and there was young Troy Michaels. He came up to me and said, "It rained last night."

"I heard rumors to that effect," I said. "I wouldn't argue the point with you."

He was looking at me through his glasses the way he always did, but his eyes weren't cool the way they usually were. They were eager as though he were excited about something.

"Checking up on a process of rationation," Michaels said, "is like drawing to an inside straight. You're afraid to look. I need the money, which makes it worse. . . . The road to Venida will be pretty muddy. How long would you say it'd take to make that trip?"

"Ten hours anyway."

He acted as though he was thinking that over in connection with something that was already in his mind. Finally he said, "You think I'm a damned fool, don't you?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad," he said. "Maybe I am." Then he walked away.

I GOT up to the office a little before noon. I had just taken off my hat and coat and sat down at the desk when the phone rang. I picked it up and said, "Hello?"

"This is Lou Ann Gage, Mr. Pearson. Dad wants to know if you can drop in for a few minutes before lunch."

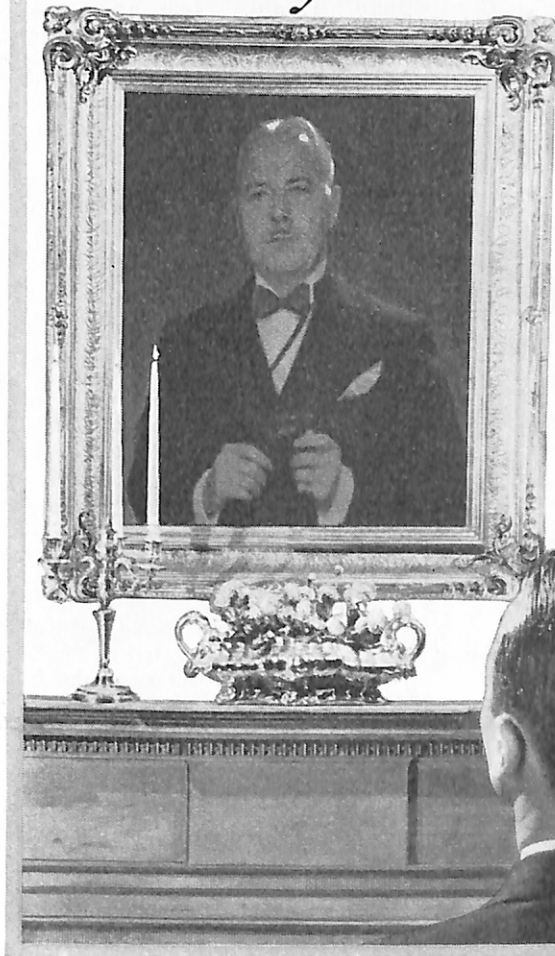
"You tell him I'll be right down."

I called Sue to tell her that I wouldn't be home for lunch, but she wasn't home. I put on my hat and coat and started down the street. It was pretty cool after the rain.

It's just two blocks from my office to the bank. Just as I was crossing the street at the end of the second block I saw Henry Wells' car draw up alongside the curb. There were three men in it. The side curtains were up and I couldn't see Henry, but I knew the car well enough. It's one of those unmistakable things. He didn't answer when I said "Hello," but I thought he couldn't hear me with the wind blowing.

I went on across the street and into the bank. The entrance to the bank is on a corner, not setting parallel with the streets on either side, and when you go in you see almost the whole interior with the exception of the two corners at the side of the door. There's a public phone booth in one corner. I went in through the door and up to the railing, and when I was far enough in I turned my head to look at the phone booth, not for any good reason, but just the way you do things like that. Through the glass of the door I could see Troy Michaels

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almost hidden way back in a corner, looking at the directory. I didn't think anything about it then. It was almost time for Lou to go to lunch and he'd been there every day that I knew of. I went on across the floor, and through the gate in the railing, and up to John Gage's desk.

"I came down as fast as I could, John," I said. "Lou Ann said you wanted to see me."

He looked up as though he were surprised to see me. He started to say, "I didn't want . . ." but that was just as far as he got.

I heard the front door open and saw John's gaze sort of freeze on something just behind me, and somebody said, "Stand where you are Sheriff. Put your hands up, everybody, and don't move. This is a stick-up."

I had my gun under my coat, but before I did anything foolish I wanted to know exactly what I was up against. I put my hands in the air and looked at John Gage.

"John," I said, "what's he holding?"

He sat there and shook his head at me. "All the aces. There's two of them. One's got a pistol, and the other's got a machine gun."

"That beats me," I said.

If it had only been one man with a pistol I might have tried it, but I had to get my gun and turn and shoot, and it's too hard to miss with a machine gun. I didn't want to go out of office full of bullet holes.

I kept my hands up and didn't turn my body, but by twisting my head to one side I could see that telephone booth. Troy Michaels was still inside, looking out through the glass in the door. At first I judged that the bandits hadn't come far enough inside to see him, and then I had another idea. He'd given the tip-off over the phone, but naturally he wouldn't take any active part in the hold-up, and without that I could never in the world pin anything on him.

While I was watching he unbuttoned his jacket and took that automatic out of the shoulder holster and pulled back the action to throw a shell into the chamber and cock the piece. He didn't even wait to open the door. He broke the glass out with the muzzle of the gun and started cutting loose.

He got the machine gunner the first crack. I heard the gun hit the floor

and I started turning and going for my gun all at the same time. The guy with the pistol had time for one shot at the phone booth, and then I was turned around and had my gun clear, and I cracked down on him; and I don't miss much at twenty feet.

The first shot knocked him down. That's the part I like about a .45. It may not have the muzzle velocity or the penetrating power of some other guns, but at short range it's very effective. When you get hit you stay hit. The first slug took him in the shoulder and spun him and he went down on his face. The pistol was still in his hand. John Gage leaped out of his chair, and vaulted the railing and kicked that gun half way across the bank.

Outside the window I heard a car roar. Lou Ann Gage was already calling for the police and an ambulance. I shoved my gun in the waist band of my pants and started running for the door. Troy Michaels was just coming out of the phone booth. His face was white and there was blood on the shoulder of his jacket. He was swaying on his feet and I could see he was getting sick, but he was grinning. There were people jamming in the door by now and I could see someone pushing through the crowd, and then Sue was running across the floor yelling, "Troy! Troy!"

Young Michaels said, "Good hunting," and I caught him just as he fell.

I had business outside though. I let him down easy to the floor and ran for the front entrance. Henry Wells' car was a block up the street and making tough going of it in the mud. Joe Everson came out of his hardware store carrying a carbine and I yelled, "For God's sake get that guy."

"Henry . . ."

"Henry, hell. Get that guy."

Joe's the best offhand rifle shot in this state. He put that carbine up and emptied it so fast it sounded like one report. Henry's car slewed crossways of the road and stopped, and the man that was driving it came out with both hands in the air.

That was a busy day for me, but I finally made the hospital about three in the afternoon to see how young Michaels was coming along. Sue was there with him. The first thing he said when I came in the room was "You'll get the woman in the red car about twenty or thirty miles this side of Venida around four o'clock."

"I got smart, son," I said. "There's



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two guys in the hospital and two in the county jail. We got the pilot of the plane where he set it down two miles off the road, and there's a reception committee waiting for the lady in Venida. How you feeling?"

"All right. Only," young Michael said, "I can't roll cigarettes one-handed."

I rolled a cigarette for him, and Sue held a match. "How did you get there so quick?" I said.

She said "I knew it was going to happen."

"I seem to be the only one that didn't know it. Son," I said, "I owe you an apology, but would you mind telling me just how you figured it out."

He let smoke come out his mouth while he talked, "The rain was what convinced me."

"My reasoning is vague and imaginative. It rained three times in succession so that feature had to be important. I started thinking about that and how it could be important, and then I saw it. The time element. The longer time it took to make a trip from one town to the next the better alibi they had. These muddy roads were perfect."

"That led me up to the derby hats. Look, Sheriff, I couldn't say any more to you because I didn't know anything. I just thought it. And I had to have that reward."

"Have you ever worn a derby?" I said.

He started laughing. "That's important. . . . Ostentatiousness is a form of vulgarity. They had to be noticed leaving one town and entering another. If I wanted to be conspicuous in this country I'd wear a derby hat and spats."

"And drive a big red car," I said. "I'd leave a town and then stop and get out and let the woman drive on through. I'd steal a car and rob a bank. Then I'd drive to some pre-arranged place and get picked up by a plane and fly to within twenty or thirty miles of the next town, where I'd pick up the car with the woman and come on in easy like."

"That had to be it," Troy said. "A lapse of time was necessary. That was the important thing. The rain. That's what made me suspicious in the first place. Why would a man intent on making a getaway pick a day with wet roads if it didn't have some connection? It had to be right. When it rained and they left town this morning I knew. There weren't many people in the bank at noon. I had Lou Ann call you. . . . That's my imagination. It has its points. . . ."

"Yes," I said.

He said, "About that reward. . . . Sue and I decided we'd get married if you didn't mind."

"You won't mind, Pop," Sue said. I said, "No. I know when I'm licked."

"About that two thousand dollars, Pop. . . ." Sue said. "With election coming and everything. . . ."

I said, "I'll make it four thousand."

THE END.

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Trigger Finger

(Continued from page 40)

stars. They groped for the two cots, separated by a narrow passage, through darkness so thick they could almost feel its texture. Careful to make no betraying sound, John laid his rifle on the gravel at the side of the cot—away from Hank. His mind, trained to do the work for soft-flabby muscles, exhausted by the day's exertions, went back to its ceaseless round of speculation, "Does he know? Is he waiting for a chance to catch me asleep? . . . Indians put stones under their blankets to make them sleep lightly . . . I read that somewhere. Must stay awake . . ."

From the top of Virgin Bluff, the long lonesome cry of a timber wolf splashed through the fluid darkness. John sat up, startled.

"Danged ole owl," said Hank's voice.

DAWN sent a beckoning finger of light through the tent flap. Hank, answering the summons, arose and began to dress silently. Pretending sleep, John watched through slitted eyelids until Hank tiptoed out. He wearily slid a hand under his shoulder blades and dropped two sharp cornered rocks into the gravel at the edge of his cot. Tired muscles and weary brain shuddered at the prospect of five more nights of torture.

"Fight it out," whispered the primitive Johnnie Spalding. "There's just one Willitson against one Spalding. He'll kill me, or I'll kill him."

The civilized John Sparks recoiled. He saw a vision of Hank's head cradled in the lap of the tired, broken Sarah of the river bank. "No. I can't go through that hell again. That's done with. The code of the hills means nothing to me."

"You're forgetting Flem," whispered Johnnie. "Them Willitsons are pizen. They carry a grudge to the grave. Remember how they waylaid Cash Norton that time?"

"There was no proof."
"He's dead, just the same."
"I don't believe he suspects. I'm just imagining things."

"Them Willitsons always was sly as hell," argued Johnnie. "They git you when you ain't lookin'. You could beat him to it. Pretend the gun went off accidentally."

A wisp of wood smoke curled under the tent, carrying with it the tantalizing odors of frying bacon and boiling coffee. The very smells seemed warming, revitalizing. John began to dress.

Hank's greeting was almost jovial. "How'd you sleep?"

"Not very well."

"Folks never do the first night

out." Hack straightened up from the sizzling bacon. "But you'll sleep like a dead man tonight!"

John stared into Hank's beady eyes. "It's a familiar mountain expression," he rationalized, "but has Hank endowed it with a deeper significance? If so, starvation has no place in his plans."

"I et," said Hank, pouring a cup of steaming coffee. "Take yore time while I load the boat."

A nimbus of light spread over the shaggy head of Virgin Bluff as they moved into the stream. Beyond the Bluff's chill shadow a vermilion sun, cut from cardboard, peeked at them over a lavender ridge far to the east. Ahead lay a stretch of sun-dappled water, from which twining tendrils of mist arose like steam from a lazy kettle.

"Put on one of them red-headed minners, an' you'll git a bass along here," said Hank.

The minnow splashed water at the side of a drift-log and started back to the boat with a skittery flirt of its tail. A silvery streak flashed from under the log. The rod nodded curtly, as if not quite sure, then suddenly bent double in a graceful bow of recognition. The reel shrilled excited confirmation.

"Take yore time. Don't give him any slack," said Hank, almost excited.

He added, in his slower drawl: "When you got yore fish hooked, hit don't pay to be in a hurry to land 'im."

"What does he mean?" For a fraction of a second, John's attention wandered. It was enough. The line went slack and the red-headed minnow returned to the boat shamefacedly alone.

"What'd I tell you?" chuckled Hank.

John whipped the rod forward, casting the minnow viciously from him, and with it went his interest in double meanings. He was an angry fisherman now; the problems of life and death were petty and unimportant.

The vermilion disk had become an orange ball of molten metal in an inverted blue bowl, dripping liquid fire.

Hank mopped his face with a blue bandanna and lifted a calculating eye from shore line to sun. "Quarter to 'leven. They won't bite in the heat of the day. We'll stop a spell an' eat a snack."

The boat shot through a narrow, twisting channel, following an invisible course marked only on the chart of Hank's memory, and rounded into the quiet water at the mouth of a crystal creek. The tails of the flapping fish beat a salvo of applause.

They ate their cold lunch under the spreading shade of a maple, washing it down with hot coffee from the thermos jug.

Hank made a little pyre of the paper and refuse and squatted against the maple to watch it burn. John reclined against a moss-covered log, his rifle, resting lengthwise along its broad top, within easy reach. Weary from loss of sleep and the morning's exertions, he battled with all his will against the lulling murmurs of the creek. He wrenched open his heavy eyelids, realizing he had momentarily slept and dreamed. Again he felt himself slipping over a precipice into bottomless depths, and saved himself by the flutter of a tired eyelid. He decided on conversation as a safeguard. "What's the name of this creek?"

Hank, whittling a stick, took a chew of tobacco and spat into the fire. "Spaldin' Crick." His heavy-lidded eyes regarded John enigmatically.

At the sound of his own name on Hank's lips, John sat up, wide awake. "A trap. It must be a trap," he thought. "This is Wayne Creek. Must not let him trick me . . ."

"Indeed! Named after some local family, no doubt."

Hank, his eyes still on John, continued to whittle mechanically, the razor-like edge of his knife stripped long curling shavings from the stick. "After a feller named Johnnie Spaldin'."

John's glance flicked sideways, assuring himself that the gun was within easy reach. "Who was Johnnie Spalding?"

Hank wriggled into another position. "Well, sir, hit's a right interestin' story. He was a young hellion that used to live on the far side of Smokey Blue Mount'in, 'bout twenty-two-three year ago. Great hand with a gun. He was 'round eighteen year' old at the time this happened. Got into a scrap one night at a dance. He shot one feller, an' help hisself to another feller's hawse to make his git-away.

"A brother of the feller he shot set out to look for 'im. Well sir, 'long 'bout dusk the next evenin', he ketched up with 'im. Hit was on this very crick. They'd been a heavy rain an' the crick was ragin' full. Hit had washed out the Hawk's Hill bridge on the east fork, an' this Johnnie Spaldin' had to turn back only to find the bridge on the west fork—that's this'n—was washed out, too. There he was, trapped, in between—when the feller that was huntin' 'im come in sight. He knowed the hawse an' yelled fer Johnnie to give hisself up, but he wouldn't do hit. He jumped his hawse, sprang into the crick an' swum fer t'other side. Hit was put-near dark, like I say, an' the feller couldn't tell if his bullets hit 'im or not, but the hawse come home riderless, so folks allus figgered Johnnie's body was washed away by the flood.



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John sat rigid, white-faced, as he saw Abner Holt go to his death in the muddy waters of Wayne Creek. "Abner! My friend, killed by one of the Willitsons, when he went to get his horse tied at Wayne Creek bridge. He was the same size. In the dark. . . ."

"It was murder—plain murder!" His voice was barely audible.

Hank's knife shaved another sliver from the stick. "I reckon hit's a good thing hit happened that way. You see, this feller Johnnie shot got well, and he'd a been bound to shed Johnnie's blood." He spat into the ashes of the dying fire, sending up a little cloud like a bullet striking a dusty road. "Hit's a kinda rule folks has got here in the hills, an' a feller's got to live up to hit whether he wants to or not."

John visualizing Abner struggling in the whirling waters, was conscious that something eluded him. "How did they account for Abner's disappearance?" he asked.

"Abner who?"

He had made a fatal slip. Hank rose slowly to his feet, the knife swinging in a slight arc at the end of his pendulous arm. He spoke, and his voice was almost regretful.

"Johnnie, hit seems like you ain't changed much. You never did have the sense to let well enough alone."

John reached quickly back and sideways for the rifle. It slid off the log into the tangle of grass on the far side. His groping fingers searched frantically as Hank started forward in a long, feline stride, the knife waving a glittering menace.

"Drap it, Johnnie! Drap it, I say!"

A thorn jabbed John's finger painfully as he jumped to meet the charge. A tremendous weight dragged at his numbed right hand. A three-foot snake, its fangs buried in the tip of his index finger, writhed and twisted at the end of his arm.

"Cottonmouth!" yelled Hank.

The knife flashed in a murderous swing. The snake's headless body fell to the log and rolled off onto the

ground in a coiling paroxysm of death. Hank grabbed John's arm and stretched it lengthwise along the smooth top of the log. Their eyes met and held momentarily in complete understanding.

"Hit's the only way, Johnnie," said Hank, almost apologetically.

"Go ahead—Flem."

Hank's knife flashed again, and the snake's head dropped away to join the wriggling body. John's index finger was still clamped in its fangs.

"Well, Johnnie—" said Hank, a queer whiteness in his leathery, sun-burned cheeks, "that kinda squares things up accordin' to the rule, for hit shore looks like I spilled some of yore blood." He ran to the boat and returned with a first aid kit and a bottle of pale amber-colored fluid. "Here, put some of this under yore belt. Real home-grown corn, from my own still. You might leave a drap or two in the bottom of the bottle fer me."

"You think it's . . ."

"Shore!" interrupted Hank. "You'll be all right. Might make you a little sick." He unrolled his bandages and grinned sheepishly. "Doggone hit, Johnnie, I don't see why I didn't think of cuttin' off yore trigger finger yesterday. You've had me so doggone scared, the way you been fingerin' that gun, that I'm jest 'bout wore out. I figgered if I told you that fool story 'bout you bein' dead, you'd kinda take it easy the rest of the trip."

"Then Abner wasn't—?"

"Shuckins, no! He's the postmaster over at Little Baldy. Come on—git in that boat. I'm goin' to hussle you to a doctor."

"What's the use? If your operation is not a success, I'll never finish the three-day trip."

"Three days nothin'!" chuckled Hank. "We'll flag a car an' have you back in town in a couple o' hours. They's a new concrete state highway 'bout a mile down the river. Yes sir, Johnnie, this country has been gittin' plumb civilized since you left hit."

The Pariah

(Continued from page 13)

Frankie to bed that night because he knowed we was going to set up the tree and he was being ornery just to tease us. But finally he got out his sleeping suit and set it in front of the oven to warm it.

Like he was still stalling he says, "Could we have old Jeb down to eat goose with us?"

"I don't guess he'd be able to come," says Mrs. Larsen, maybe thinking of the store of corn liquor Jeb'd laid in.

Then Frankie says, "Gee, I wisht

we had something to give him, don't you Ma?"

Well, there ain't nothing you can do when a kid says something like that—it kinda makes you feel you're lower than a gopher. So Mrs. Larsen just told him to quit his stalling and she hurried him off to bed.

Then we turned the radio up a little louder than usual and set to work on the tree. Of course Frankie knowed what we was doing and we knowed that he knowed it, but we always get a lot of pleasure outa pre-

tending we're fooling him.

Then we got out all the toys we'd bought for Frankie and wrapped them up—after we'd showed them around and played with them for a spell. Most of the stuff come out of the catalogue and we sure knowed it was going to make a hit. There was a wagon and a b-b gun from us hands, and his ma got him a cowboy outfit—everything from the hat right down to the boots and it sure was a daisy. But Ole had found the best of all, a model of one of them wreckers that garages has; almost two foot long it was, and all shiny red, and it had a derrick and tow chains and little jacks and Lord knows what all. We sat there on the floor and worked her for almost an hour before we let Ole put the paper back on.

Frankie sure had a time with that wrecker the next morning. He was up even before I went out to do the chores, and he had that stuff all over the kitchen before you could say "Sacajawea". Of course he was mighty pleased with the other things—he put on the cowboy outfit right off and then picked off a lamp chimney with the gun—but just like we figured that wrecker was the real strike. He was all over the floor with it, getting hisself stuck under the table and behind the chairs and then pulling hisself out with the derrick. Then he worked out a better game, getting the wagon stuck and coming to the rescue, yelling orders like he was a section boss.

It must've been a couple three hours before he could be drug to breakfast, but he finally got fagged out and calmed down some. Then he seemed to recollect something and he begun to look all around the kitchen. He looked just a mite disappointed, and he had something on his mind but it took him a long time to say it.

But finally he says, "Didn't Jeb bring. . . . What was Jeb down here last night for?"

We all looked kinda puzzled and Ole told him Jeb hadn't been down.

"I heard his flivver bucking the drifts," Frankie says. "Just before I went to sleep. He said he'd come."

Ole kinda laughed at him and says, "You was just dreaming. You was asleep and you didn't know it."

"I heard it clear as anything and I could hear the radio, too," Frankie says.

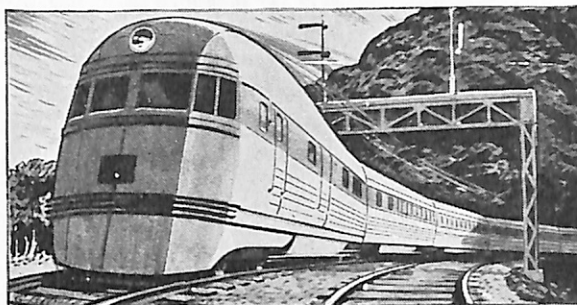
None of us said anything more about it. We was thinking maybe the kid was right and we couldn't hear it because the radio was on loud and the windows was closed.

But all through the day I couldn't get old Jeb off'n my mind because every once in a while I'd look up and see Frankie standing by the window with a kinda weepy look. And while we taking on the roast goose Frankie says, "I wisht we could give old Jeb some of this."

During the afternoon I slipped

(Continued on page 52)

A difference . . .

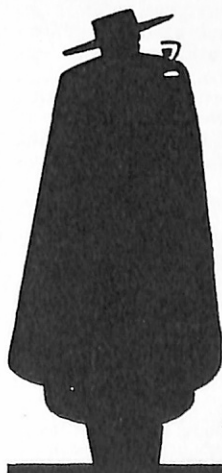


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FRANK KENNA, President

An Old-Fashioned Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

the conversation, but every one else is too gorged with food to be able to move the lower jaw sufficiently to articulate. It develops that the family is in possession of the loudest-ticking clock in the world and along about four o'clock it begins to break its own record. A stenographic report of the proceedings would read as follows:

"Ho-hum! I'm sleepy! I shouldn't have eaten so much."

"Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock—"

"It seems just like Sunday, doesn't it?"

"Look at Grandpa! He's asleep."

"Here, Junior! Don't plague Grandpa. Let him sleep."

"Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock—"

"Junior! Let Grandpa alone! Do you want Mama to take you upstairs?"

"Ho-hum!"

"Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock—"

Louder and louder the clock ticks, until something snaps in your brain and you give a sudden leap into the air with a scream, finally descending to strangle each of the family in turn, Grandpa as she sleeps. Then, as you feel your end is near, all the warm things you have ever known come back to you, in a flash. You remember the hot Sunday subway to Coney, your trip to Mexico, the bull-fighters of Spain.

You dash out into the snowdrifts and plunge along until you sink exhausted. Only the fact that this article ends here keeps you from freezing to death, with an obituary the next day reading:

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Sun. Jan. 24—Lv. New York and Chicago in special de luxe air-conditioned Pullmans. The Pullmans from Chicago will pick up at Indianapolis, Cincinnati, where those from Toledo, Detroit, and Cleveland, will join. The Pullmans from New York will pick up at Philadelphia, New York, and other points. . . . All Pullmans will be consolidated at Palm Beach.

Tues. Jan. 26—Palm Beach—George Washington Hotel. We are way down south. Now warm tropical breezes greet us everywhere. Wonderful program has been arranged . . . sail-fish derby . . . golf . . . dancing, etc.

Thurs. Jan. 28—Another never-to-be-forgotten day at this great resort . . . in the late afternoon we go by motor along the Ocean Boulevard to Miami where we make our headquarters at the Baronial Everglades Hotel. For three days we rest and recreate at this wonderful resort, and what a program has been arranged! . . . More about it our January issue.

Sat. Jan. 30—At 7:00 p.m. we leave Miami by steamer for Havana.

Sun. Jan. 31—Havana, the gayest city in the world . . . it is truly like taking a trip abroad to see Havana—tropical gardens, sidewalk cafes, ancient cathedrals, seventeenth century scenes. Stroll the Prado, fashionable promenade where celebrities from the world over love to parade. Our headquarters will be at the Plaza Hotel in the center of things. Sunday and Monday, Havana.

Tues. Feb. 2—Lv. Havana by steamer in the morning, arriving Key West in the afternoon, where a short stop will be made, then to St. Petersburg . . . a night of gaiety and dancing on the steamer under a tropical moon.

Wed. Feb. 3—Arrive St. Petersburg, where we spend 3 days seeing Florida's west coast . . . golf, deep-sea fishing, etc. One day there will be a motor trip to all points of interest. . . . Tampa, the cigar factories, thence to the Bok Tower at Lake Wales, known as the Taj Mahal of America. We then turn northward and after a short stop at Ocala, viewing the subterranean gardens, etc. . . . then homeward.

The approximate cost of this trip will be \$208, covering every item of expense . . . Pullmans, three meals a day for the entire trip, hotel accommodations, rooms with private bath, motor sight-seeing, handling of baggage . . . in brief, everything!

Space does not permit us to elaborate on the program being arranged by the Elks of Florida, the home of our Grand Exalted Ruler, Dave Sholtz, whom we will all have the privilege of greeting personally.

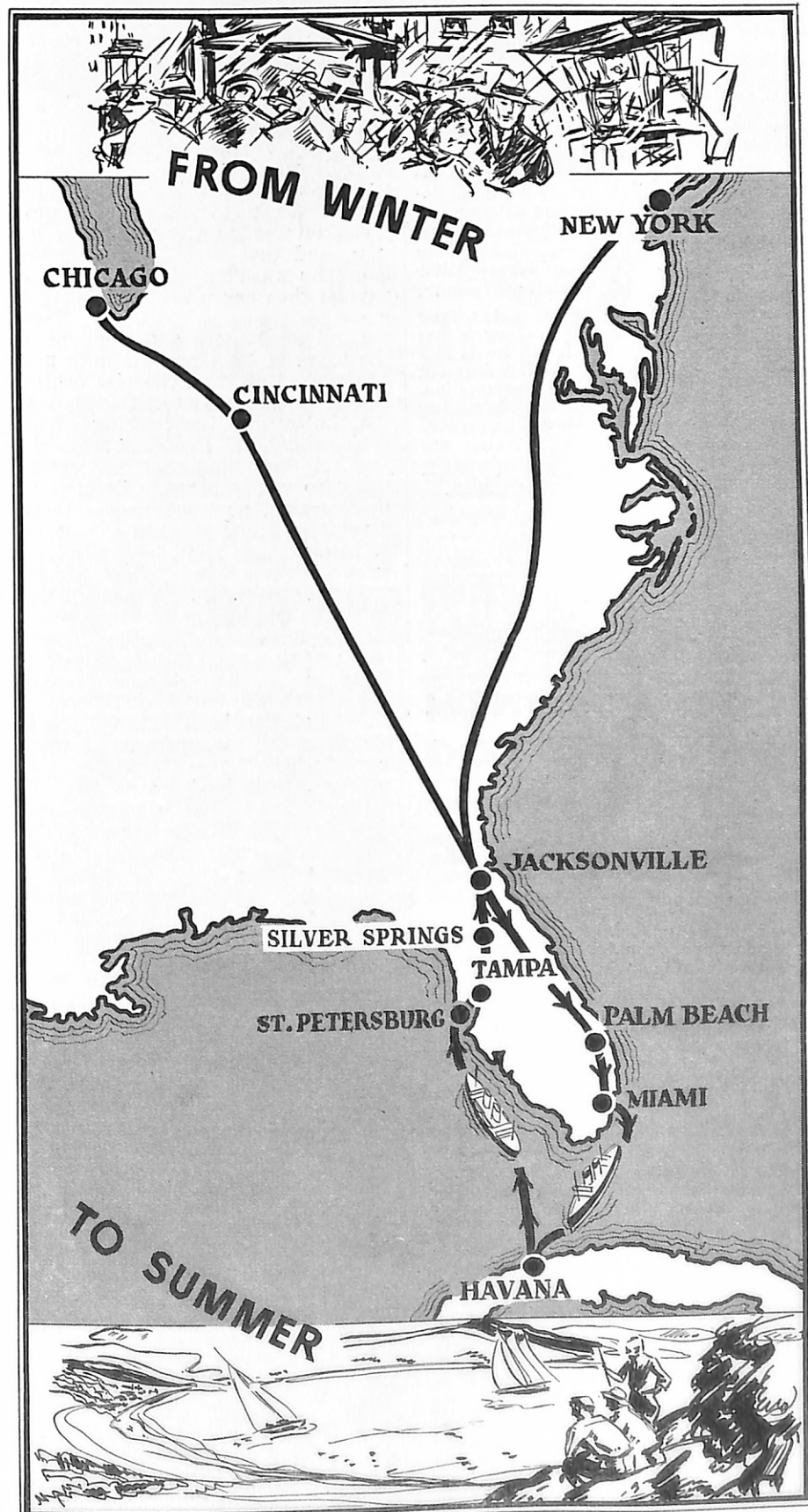
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The Pariah

(Continued from page 49)

on a pair of skis and sashayed down to take a peek at the road. There wasn't no tracks at all. Of course the tracks Jeb made the day before was filled in by the wind, but if he'd went down again after the wind died down, the tracks would show. And I couldn't recollect when the wind died down.

It was getting towards dark so I headed back to do the chores. Frankie was pretty miserable by now, and that wasn't like him because he wasn't a kid to ask for a lot and then cry when he didn't get it.

I got my lantern and went up to the barn. I set down the milk pail and walked up the little rise behind the barn where you can look over the timber into the clearing where Jeb's cabin was. I couldn't see nothing but dark, and that was something to worry about. Because if there wasn't no light, maybe there wasn't no fire, and when it's 30 or 40 below a man don't last very long if he ain't got a fire.

So I cut straight back to the house and told Ole about it. It appears that he done some scouting hisself because he says, "Must be something the matter. Maybe Frankie heard Jeb's car but it ain't been by here—nothing been through since the wind fell at sundown. I went down to look."

"Yeah, I did too," I says.

Ole looked at me a minute and then he says, "We better saddle a couple of horses. Ike can do the chores."

So Ike took the lantern while I and Ole got ourselves all bundled up in sheepskins, and just as we was going out, Frankie come over.

"You going up to Jeb's," he says. "You bet, but you're staying here," Ole says. "It's too cold for you."

Well, Frankie hemmed and hawed a minute and when Ole reached for the door the kid suddenly shoots out his hand and says, "Will you give this to him and say Merry Christmas?"

We looked in his hand and there was a shiny new pen-knife like they sell in the dime stores. Ole said, "Sure," and put it in his pocket and we went out. And I tell you that little thing made us both feel mighty choky.

Well, we got our ponies and went down the meadow and out onto the road. The moon was coming up across the canyon and it give everything a bright blue light. But it was a heap too cold to set thinking of how pretty it was.

I was feeling right queer in the middle of my stomach, and when the coyotes begun to sing at the moon,

I got to feeling queerer and queerer. I been hearing the coyotes sing since I was a yearling, but I never felt it go through me like it done that night. And if that wasn't bad enough, the old granddaddy cougar that lives up in the pass, come out and let fly with one of them bloodcurdling screams of hisn, and man, right then you coulda bought me for a nickel.

The ponies got plenty spooky too, because if there's one thing a horse wants to get further away from than anything else, it's one of them big cats. We had quite a chore calming them down.

About a mile and a quarter we went, seeing nothing, and not saying a word, and then we come around a bend and seen some queer tracks in the snow. We hopped down for a peek, and with the moon shining down we could see where a man had been coming down the road on foot and then turned around and went back. The trail was crooked as an election promise, like he'd been awful drunk or awful tired or both.

We followed the trail afoot, leading the horses. We seen places where he had fell onto his face a time or two, and as we plodded along listening to them mournful coyotes, we knowed blamed well what we was going to find.

And right around the next bend we found him stretched out in the snow, just a couple of rods from where his Model T had died in the ditch. He was froze solid as a rock.

Now that we knowed it was all over, I got to thinking maybe it was a good thing. He no doubt had too much corn in him to know rightly what was happening, and in cold like that it musta come mighty fast. Going like that was maybe easing him outa a pile of suffering.

We histed him onto the roof of his car until we could get back with a wagon, and then we noticed a package in his arms. We pried them open enough to get at it, and we seen it had "To Frankie" wrote onto it, so Ole stuck it in his saddle pocket and we headed back.

Folks in the Canyon felt mighty low-down when they heard about it, and I expect it'll be a heap of years before any of them leaves off doing everything they can to help a neighbor again.

But we only told Frankie that Jeb had went to live with his boy for a spell. Frankie was sorta blue to think old Jeb had went off without saying good bye. But he knowed Jeb still loved him because when he opened the package we brung home, there was the little carved horse he liked so much.

Selected Books

For Elks and Their Families

(Continued from page 27)

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Visits of The Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 35)

duced by Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, who was Jubilee Chairman and had himself been introduced by E.R. Willard McIntyre, spoke at length to over 6,000 people that evening in the Civic Auditorium. The Governor of Michigan was represented by Attorney-General David H. Crowley. Others on the speaking program were Mr. Masters, Dr. McCormick, Mayor Tunis Johnson and George C. Bostock, who has served Grand Rapids Lodge as Secretary for 41 years. Governor Sholtz's talk was preceded by a monster vaudeville and patriotic program. The 126th Infantry Band gave a concert, the presentation of the colors was made by American Legion members, and the Pledge of Allegiance was repeated by all present. Open House was held later in the Home of the local Lodge.

The visiting Grand Lodge officers expressed themselves as being delighted to participate in at least a part of the magnificent celebration that Grand Rapids Lodge staged in connection with its 50th Anniversary. The committees had been organized months in advance, and,

with the names of their chairmen, were as follows: Official Guests, State Senator Earl Munshaw; Finance and Budget, Trustee Gillis Van Sluys; Civic Auditorium, Est. Lead. Knight George Bremer; Official Dinner, P.E.R. Gerald R. Ford; Civic Features and Auditorium Show, John McKay; State Lodges, State Pres. G. A. Kusterer; New Members, P.E.R. U. M. Lowing; Old-Timers, Chaplain Frank Girdler; Publicity, Fred E. Hamlin. A. F. Zoellner acted as Recording Secretary and Mr. Hamlin as Secretary.

The Jubilee had begun on Tuesday with the initiation of the Anniversary Class of 82 new and reinstated members. The ceremonies were conducted by the prize-winning Degree Team and officers of Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50. Wednesday's activities had featured Open House and a reunion for the Old Timers and the new members. An elaborate 100-page Golden Jubilee Anniversary book, depicting in story and pictures the history of the Lodge and containing sketches of the Lodge's outstanding personalities,

was widely distributed and highly praised.


The Grand Exalted Ruler made two important visits in Ohio—one to Bucyrus Lodge, No. 156, on Friday, October 23, and the other to Youngstown Lodge, No. 55, on the following day. In company with Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge, he arrived shortly after noon and was escorted to the Lodge Home by the committees that had been appointed for the occasion by E. R. L. T. Kinnett. There a luncheon was in progress.

D.D. Charles A. Michael, of Bucyrus Lodge, acted as General Chairman. The luncheon was followed by a meeting at 2 P. M. Twelve candidates were initiated, the ritualistic work being performed by the Team of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, Ritualistic Champions of the State. The evening session was preceded by a parade. Elks from all over the State marched in the procession with bands and drum and bugle corps. Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, sent a large delegation. The Ladies' Team of Lorain Lodge, No. 1301, gave a demonstration on Washington Square. The Fremont Ross High School Band, an organization of 85 pieces, and the Bucyrus High School Band occupied prominent places in the parade.

The testimonial banquet was held in the Lodge's ball room. The Exalted Ruler, Mr. Kinnett, introduced Toastmaster J. D. Sears who in turn introduced Governor Martin L. Davey of Ohio. After speeches by Governor Davey and Dr. McCormick, Governor Sholtz delivered the main address. The Glee Club of 40 voices from Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76, and a number of local entertainment acts were featured on the banquet program. During the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler took the time to visit P.D.D. O. L. Bradley, a valued member, Past Exalted Ruler and honorary life member of Bucyrus Lodge. Mr. Bradley had been confined to his home for the past three months after a serious operation.

Governor Sholtz's visit to Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge, had been so arranged that it was held in connection with the Lodge's Golden Jubilee. The speaking program at the banquet was climaxed at the end by the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech. E. R. George J. Renner was Toastmaster. First introduced were five charter members. Introductory remarks were made by Mayor Lionel Evans. William Stark was the soloist, accompanied by Wilfred Stone. P. E. R. R. C. Huey had as the subject of his talk "1868-1886-1936." Past State Pres. Norman C. Parr, of New Philadelphia Lodge, then spoke, and after a selection by the orchestra Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters made a brief speech. The Grand Exalted Ruler then delivered his address, inspiring his hearers with his patriotic and fraternal zeal.

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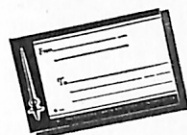
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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 6)

Vegas Lodge, called attention to the growth of the Order in Nevada since 1913. At that time there were but three Lodges in the State. The number has been increased to six. Brief but interesting speeches were made by E.R.'s Roger H. Downer, Goldfield; Walter Inwood, Ely; T. L. Withers, Reno, and Frank Gusewelle, Las Vegas, P.E.R. Joseph M. Futsch, Tonopah, and Bill Lewis, Warden of the State Prison.

At the final session it was announced that Reno Lodge had won the Ritualistic Contest, placing six officers in the all-star list. Las Vegas, Ely, Goldfield and Tonopah Lodges also competed. This year's convention was pronounced by all who attended to be the finest the Association has ever held.

New Hampshire

Four hundred Elks and Emblem Club members from the 11 Lodges in the state of New Hampshire, and the neighboring States of Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts, attended the eighth annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Elks Association in Berlin, N. H., on Saturday and Sunday, September 26-27. This was one of the finest and most successful meetings in the Association's history. The high lights of the convention were a golf tournament at the Androscoggin Valley Country Club, a tea for the ladies, a banquet and the convention ball. The ball was held in the Home of Berlin Lodge, No. 618, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Favors were distributed and during the evening a spectacular shower of colored balloons floated among the dancers.

A special tour into the White Mountains was arranged for the members who did not take part in the golf tournament on Saturday afternoon. Portsmouth Lodge, No. 97, won the Ritualistic Contest which preceded the Sunday afternoon business session, and was presented with the President Hopkins Cup.

Pres. Benjamin P. Hopkins, of Keene Lodge, presided at the Sunday afternoon business meeting. The speakers were official representatives of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz and included Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, of Boston; John F. Burke, Boston, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; Verne M. Whitman of Laconia Lodge, District Deputy for New Hampshire, and Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury, Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn. Mayor Francis P. Murphy was a member of the delegation from Nashua Lodge. E. R. Russell F. Batchelor

led the delegation from Keene Lodge and at the business meeting presented retiring Pres. Hopkins with a handsome basket of flowers on behalf of the Lodge of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler. Memorial services were conducted, the address being delivered by P.E.R. Fred A. Tilton of Laconia Lodge.

The convention banquet was held on Sunday evening at the Mount Madison House with nearly 400 Elks and ladies in attendance. Convention Chairman Patrick J. Hinchey, Secy. of Berlin Lodge, was Toastmaster. The principal speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson, the Hon. H. Styles Bridges of Concord, Governor of New Hampshire, and Congressman William Rogers, a member of Rochester, N.H., Lodge. City Clerk Gaston A. Cournoyer, acting for the Mayor, welcomed the visiting Elks to Berlin. Vocal selections were rendered during the course of the banquet by Secy. Bernard J. Gilbo of Keene Lodge, and Secy. Frank N. Tucker of Claremont Lodge. E. R. George A. Bell, Berlin, and P.E.R. Carl A. Savage, of Nashua Lodge, were introduced and spoke briefly.

Mr. Savage was unanimously elected President of the Association to serve during the coming year. The other officers elected are: 1st Vice-Pres., John M. Guay, Laconia; 2nd Vice-Pres., John A. McNerney, Rochester; 3rd Vice-Pres., Patrick J. Hinchey, Berlin; Secy-Treas., William J. O'Grady, Nashua; Trustees for three years, Garrett A. Cushing, Franklin, and Ralph McCarthy, Portsmouth.

The excellent conduct of the convention activities was credited to the General Committee of the local Lodge, with Mr. Hinchey serving as Chairman, and E.R. George Bell, Henry M. Moffett, Albert N. Morris, Thomas F. Houlihan, Edward Tousseint and John L. Ordway as members. Chairman of the sub-committees included Warren E. Oleson, Ball; Frank Goodridge, Banquet; E. Frank Bailey, Reception; J. Wilson Gonya, Housing, and George U. Duval, Golf. P.E.R. William E. Hetherman, of Keene Lodge, a former Secretary-Treasurer of the State Association, won the prize offered for low gross honors in the golf tournament.

Missouri

A special mid-season session of the Missouri State Elks Association was held at Jefferson City, Mo., on Saturday and Sunday, October 3-4. It was called by State Pres. Dwight Roberts, of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, for the purpose

of changing parts of the constitution of the Association. One important change was that two meetings be held annually, and that the number of Vice-Presidents be increased.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, delivered a splendid and informative speech on the Order at the banquet which was the principal social event. Other distinguished Elks present in Jefferson City during the special session were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis; the Hon. Guy B. Park, Governor of Missouri; Presiding Judge of the Supreme Court Robb Ellison; Supreme Court Judge C. A. Leedy, Jr., and the Hon. R. Emmet O'Malley, Superintendent of Insurance of Missouri. St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, sent the largest delegation, with the second largest hailing from Kansas City Lodge, No. 26. Washington, Sedalia, Warrensburg and Springfield Lodges were well represented. Entertainment was furnished by Prof. E. Harry Kelly, who is himself a well known Missouri Elk.

An executive session was held at 8 P. M. on Saturday. Among those present were Pres. Roberts; State Secy. Joseph N. Miniace, Kansas City; Past Pres.'s Dr. M. E. Gouge, Sedalia, E. J. Martt, St. Louis, and Otto C. Botz, Sedalia; D.D.C. Lew Gallant, St. Louis; State Vice-Pres. J. H. Dickbrader, Washington; E. R.'s A. O. Nilles, Kansas City, and Otto H. Rottmann, St. Louis, and P.E.R. R. E. O'Malley, Kansas City. Pres. Roberts addressed the meeting on contemplated changes in the Constitution which were approved, and were passed at the meeting held on the following morning.

The Sunday session, at which much additional business of importance was transacted, was attended by large delegations from many Lodges of the State. Plans were made for the re-establishment of a Lodge at Jefferson City, the city in which the special meeting was being held. The outlook for a successful Lodge there was considered especially good. The sponsoring by the Association of a State-wide Ladies' Auxiliary, to be organized so that the first meeting could be held during the annual convention of the State Association at Washington, Mo., during the early part of June, 1937, was another matter that received serious attention.

The State Association hopes, with the aid of the District Deputies, to make a substantial gain in membership in the State during the year.

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It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for themselves—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.



One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. {far left}

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. {near left}